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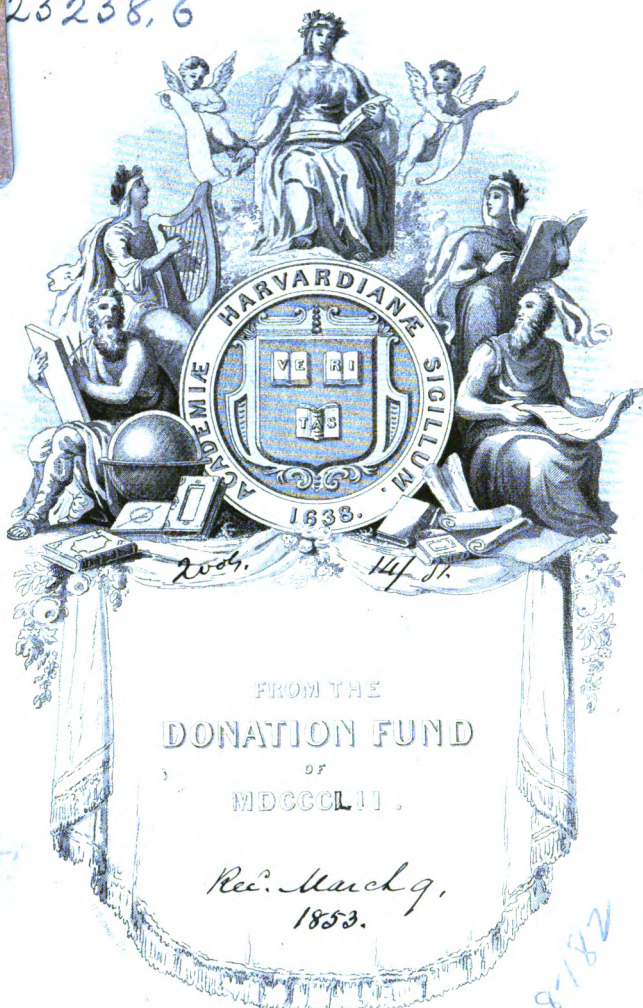
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*The Valuable and Important Library of G. V. UTTER-  
SON, Esq.*

**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN  
WILKINSON,**

Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works illustrative of the Fine Art, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on MONDAY, April 19, 1852, and Seven following days (Sunday excepted), at 1 o'clock precisely, the principal Portion of the VALUABLE LIBRARY of EDWARD V. UTTERSON, Esq. F.S.A., removed from his Residence in the Isle of Wight. This Collection comprises fine Specimens of Early English Typography from the Presses of Caxton, Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde; as also some of the Editiones Principes, and other rare Books, from the early Italian, German, and French Presses. An extensive Collection of rare Spanish and French Romances of Chivalry—Old English Poetry, Ballads, Garlands—Rare Old Plays, including the first three Folio Editions of Shakspeare, and several of the first and early Quarto Editions of our great Dramatist—a few Modern Works printed on Vellum; and some important Manuscripts—beautifully illuminated Missals, Hours, &c.

To be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had, (if in the Country, on receipt of six postage stamps).

the eight days sale of the Library of Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq., of the Isle of Wight, a collector of many years standing, and widely and favourably known among book-worms for his intimacy with the contents of his library, and his willingness on all occasions to place his rarities at the service of all who could show fair claim to such consideration at his hands. He bought in dear times, when there were many competitors for some classes of books that he was collecting; and he has sold at a good time—for his library brought 4,805*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, or about a thousand pounds more than was expected. Good things, it has been said, will always obtain good prices;—but that this is not invariably the case, we may learn, were other evidence wanting, from the auctions of last year during the ferment of the Great Exhibition,—when the seller parted with his goods to great disadvantage, and the buyers obtained a proportionate advantage. Mr. Utterson's Library as viewed on the shelves in Wellington Street was not particularly striking. We have seen better displays in that way in the same rooms. There was much, however, to repay examination,—and, as we shall show, by quoting prices, to open the purse-strings of collectors.

The largest price given for any one work was 160*l.* for the second edition of 'Froissart,' in four volumes, printed at Paris in the old Gothic letter about 1495. The first two volumes are printed on vellum, and enriched with one very large and thirty-nine smaller miniatures of the French school. Six leaves are in MS. in a coeval hand. These volumes were formerly in the Meerman Collection, and have since had the third and fourth volumes, printed on paper, bound to match by C. Lewis. The next great price was given by Mr. Halliwell for the Heber Collection, in one folio volume, of 'Two Hundred and Four Humorous, Romantic, Legendary, Amatory, and Historical Broadside Ballads,' printed in black letter, and ornamented with wood-cuts. Many of the ballads are on two pages, and apparently printed from about the middle to the end of the 17th century,—several being reprints of much earlier and well-known ballads. An enumeration of the '204 Ballads' is given in Part IV. of the 'Bibliotheca Heberiana.' The price given by Mr. Halliwell was 104*l.* 10*s.* A beautifully illuminated MS. of the 15th century, written in a bold hand upon 473 pages of vellum, adorned with upwards of fifty miniature paintings, of which twenty-nine are of a large size, each occupying with its border a whole page, 'Officium Beatæ Mariæ Virginis ad usum Romanum, cum Calendario,' old calf, covered with red velvet, size 10½ inches by 7½, sold for 76*l.* From the coats of arms in several parts of the volume, it is thought that this MS. was executed for Hubert of Artois, subsequently Seigneur de Montmer.—The first book printed in the English language, 'The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy,' "composed and drawn out of diuerce bookes of Latin into Frensshe, by Raoul le Fevre, &c. and translated into Engliisshe by Willyam Caxton," printed by Caxton, about 1471, brought 55*l.* The present copy appeared to want about fifty leaves, out of 389, which it is believed a perfect copy should have.



second book, the last leaf,—and the third book, nineteen leaves.—Another 'Caxton,' a copy of the Golden Legend, "Fynysshed at Westmestre the xx day of May, the yere of our Lord MCCCCLXXXIII, and in the viii yere of the reygne off Kynge Henry the VII. by me, Wylliam Caxton," wanting the first and last leaves, as also a portion of the last but one, fol. 428, otherwise in a desirable state, and bound in red morocco, by Lewis, brought 29*l*.—A MS. of the 14th century, upon vellum, 'The Pricke of Conscience,' a poem by Rolle the Hermit of Hampoll, brought 39*l*. 10*s*. This work has never been printed; other copies are known.—A rare volume printed with the same type as 'Gower de Confessione Amantis,' 1483, the 'Golden Legend,' 1483, and the book called 'Cathon,' 1483, viz. 'The Lyf of our Lady,' made by Dan John Lydgate, printed by Caxton, *n. d.* sold for 32*l*. This was the 'Farmer' copy, and wants three leaves at the beginning, and six leaves at the end.—An imperfect copy of the first edition of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets,' "never before imprinted at London, by G. Eld, for T. T., and are to be solde by William Aspley," 4to. 1609, sold for 30*l*. 5*s*. The title and dedication are supplied with a fac-simile by Mr. Harris; the copy, otherwise in a fine state, is in green morocco, and belonged to Mr. Jolley.—A poor copy of the first folio of Shakspeare brought 49*l*. The title and portrait, from a later edition, are mounted and the verses opposite inlaid.—A fragment of the first edition of Shakspeare's 'Rape of Lucrece' (1594), wanting the title, dedication, and all after F2, *rus*sia (from the Bright collection), sold for 4*l*. 10*s*.—Baron Bolland's copy of Spenser's 'Amoretti and Epithalamion,' 1595—a very rare volume—brought 27*l*. 10*s*.—and the first edition of 'Coryats Crudities, Hastily gobbled up in Five Moneths Travells,' 11*l*.—An imperfect copy of Pynson's edition of 'Fabyan' (1516), the rarest of all the English chronicles, sold for 26*l*. 10*s*.—A fine copy in blue morocco of 'Paradise Lost' (S. Simmons, &c. 1669), being the first edition of the Poem, and the same, the title-pages excepted, as the impressions in 1667 and 1668, was knocked down for 4*l*. 10*s*.—The first edition (fine copy, *rus*sia, carmine edges, 1719-20) of the 'Life and surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,' "of York, mariner, with his Further Adventures, and Reflections during the Life of," 3 vols. maps, was considered cheap at 5*l*. 5*s*.—Horace Walpole's own 'Collection of detached Pieces printed at Strawberry Hill,' in which he has written, "This book is unique, as there is no other compleat set of all the pieces preserved. H. W."—was sold to Mr. Monckton Milnes for 20*l*.—The original manuscript of 'Peveril of the Peak,' in the autograph of the author, 4 vols. in 2, green morocco, sold for 44*l*. At the sale of the novels in 1831, the price given for the MS. was forty guineas.—Nor was "leather" alone lost sight of at the sale. 'Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et de Chloe, avec Figures,' a choice copy of the Regent's edition (1718), exquisitely bound by Duseuil, in morocco, the sides being elaborately tooled in compartments, and with border of gold inside, brought 15*l*. 10*s*. This beautiful specimen of Duseuil's work is noticed by Dibdin in his 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and

27/12/13

*Small.*

6 **SELECT PIECES**  
**OF**  
**EARLY POPULAR POETRY:**

RE-PUBLISHED PRINCIPALLY  
FROM  
**EARLY PRINTED COPIES,**

IN

**THE BLACK LETTER.**

*By Edward Vernon*

**VOL. I.**



**LONDON:**  
**WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.**

**M.DCCC.XXV.**

IN FOUR PARTS BY  
*Sublette S.*  
*Samuel S.*

" I wol do my diligence  
 " As ferre as soþoneth in to honest  
 " To tel you a tale, pe two or thre."  
*Chaucer's Monk's Prologue.*

## PREFACE.

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At a period when the attention of the public has been so much attracted to objects of antiquarian lore, an apology need hardly be offered for requesting its patronage in favour of the little work now submitted to its acceptance. The subject of our national antiquities has within the last thirty years been an object of particular investigation and research, and it has fortunately met with enquirers whose ability and persevering industry have thrown much light on various particulars relating to our manners and history during the middle ages. Still, however, new topics present themselves, fresh subjects for enquiry are started,



and if in the occasional republication of portions of our early literature few additional illustrations of received opinions are now to be discovered, yet the revival affords corroboration of former conjecture, which is thus strengthened into conviction; it affords materials for the philologist wherewith to analyse the structure of our language, or suggests to the poet interesting images of ancient manners, which, chosen by taste, and remodelled by genius, tend to enliven the narrative, and increase its interest.

—————" the piercing eye explores  
" New manners, and the pomp of elder days,  
" Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores."

When we witness the favour which has deservedly been shewn to the works of one of the most popular of our living poets, we may fairly presume that some portion at least of the success which he has achieved is to be attributed to the subjects which have been selected by his judgment, and embellished by his taste: he has wooed the poetic

muse to familiarise his readers with our ancestral  
 customs:—she has answered the invitation; and,  
 waving over us her magic wand, we find ourselves  
 at one time inmates of the gothic hall, witnessing  
 the rude splendor of its chieftain in his hours of  
 festivity; at another time, accompanying the  
 challenger to the listed field, we are made par-  
 takers of, or witnesses to, the gallant deeds of  
 chivalry.

It is no small praise to the productions of the  
 early minstrels, that the subjects of the simple  
 poems, which in the middle ages were recited  
 from castle to castle, should, in the present en-  
 lightened state of society, again rise into notice  
 and consideration, interest us by their simplicity,  
 and charm us by the naïveté of their representa-  
 tions. When the unlettered warrior of that dis-  
 tant period sought for amusement in the intervals  
 of action, he was compelled to rely on the talents  
 of others, instead of drawing on his own stock  
 of materials: no classic attainments gratified his

rudely-gifted mind; no scientific pursuit afforded subject for experiment, or sources of reflexion. It was therefore only in the recitation of the minstrel that the upper classes of society in the middle centuries sought for intellectual enjoyment, or at least that species of it which results from the united charms of poesy and music\*. It was principally in the love ditty, or the romance†, that the minstrel found a source of profit to himself, and of delight to his hearers.

In the rude attempt of these early poets we are not to expect rich or highly-finished colouring; where a life of idleness presented itself in

\* “ Entrainé par le plaisir et par l’amusement, l’homme fut toujours habile à trouver différens moyens de se les procurer, et de les multiplier. Ce n’étoit point assez pour lui d’avoir reçu simplement la parole, pour s’exprimer, et pour faire éclater ailleurs les mouvemens de joye ou de tristesse dont son cœur est susceptible; il a eu l’art de donner plus de force à la parole en l’animant d’abord du feu de la poésie et en joignant ensuite à l’harmonie du vers celle de la musique.”—*Les poesies du roy de Navarre par la Ravalliere*. tom. i. 189.

† The word *romance* is here used in its most usual acceptation, that of a lengthened work of fiction.

the occupation of a minstrel, we ought not to wonder if many assumed the Tabart and the Badge who were deficient in every qualification for the profession. Even those who were sufficiently gifted by nature to produce a poem, which should possess merit sufficient to excite attention in the auditory, or to invite repetition, appear to have had little power beyond that of making a vigorous sketch of the subject, without attempting to give body and colouring to the meagre outline. "It is to be observed," says Ritson, in his observations on minstrels, "that all the minstrel songs which have found their way to us are merely narrative; nothing of passion, sentiment, or even description, being to be discovered among them." Simplicity was their principal recommendation, accompanied, it is believed, by great accuracy of representation in those parts of the narrative which referred to the dress and habits of the personages introduced.

To account, therefore, for the renewed po-

pularity which has attended this subject, we must principally look to the little sketches of manners carelessly introduced, which, as illustrating the ruder ages, and portraying the progress of society, are become interesting subjects of research to the antiquary, the historian, and the poet.

The best modern imitations of the romance poems have been necessarily more gorgeously adorned. They have been clothed in attractive language, enjoying the pomp of verse, and embued with the delicacy of sentiment; added to which, all the powers of description have been brought into action to give perfection to the tale. The enlightened taste of the present day required these adjuncts; but we must still feel a pleasure, of no trifling extent, in tracing the rude outline which has led to such results, in examining the germ which has flowered so luxuriantly.

In indulging at the present period in enquiries which must necessarily partake much of conjecture relative to the literary amusements of our remoter



ancestors, it may fairly be supposed that these amusements would be varied at different periods, according to the immediate occupations and pursuits in which they were engaged, and would likewise take their tone of colouring from the situation and rank in life of the respective parties. Thus the romance of chivalry seems principally to have been composed for the gratification of knights and nobles, as the poem frequently commences with an invitation to the "*Lords*" to listen and attend; whilst, on the other hand, it is probable that those in the lower class of life were amused with recitations of a nature more readily addressed to their feelings and occupations, and which were occasionally satirical, and generally ludicrous. Still, however, this classification, if not altogether fanciful, must have been sometimes liable to exception.

Previous to a military incursion, when the feudal tenants were summoned to the castle of their lord, the subordinate partisans must have

listened to the romantic achievements, which, chaunted by the gothic Tyrtæus, excited the valour of their chief: and probably the baron himself would sometimes incline from the “hye deyse,” on which he was seated at his repast, to attend to the humorous lay, which formed the more appropriate amusement of his humble dependents.

The former description of poems, however, seem to have been attended with a better fate than their lowly competitors, since the class of romances still preserved even in English is very numerous, and most of which bear internal evidence of their remote antiquity; whilst, on the other hand, comparatively few lengthened poems of a ludicrous, satirical, or miscellaneous nature of very early date are now extant, although that there was formerly a great abundance of that description we learn from the introductory passage of the old poem of “Lay le Freine,” which begins,

" We redeth ofte, and findeth y-write,  
" And this clerkes wele it wite,  
" Layes that ben in harping,  
" Ben y-founde of ferli thing :  
" Sum bethe of wer, and sum of wo,  
" Sum of joie, and mirthe also,  
" And sum of trecherie, and of gile,  
" Of old auentours that fel while,  
" And sum of bourdes and ribaudy," &c.

Most, however, of our old romantic poems are translated from the French, a circumstance nevertheless which does not in the least degree tend to invalidate their interest, or lessen their authority, as throwing light on the early dress, usages, and habits of the English; since, owing to the intimate connection of the two countries during the early reigns of the Plantagenet dynasty, there was little discrepancy between them in the above-mentioned particulars; and in fact, the natural ties which so long united this island with its nearest continental neighbours, were not dissolved, until the long wars of Edward 3d. excited an irritation which severed the two nations more completely, and eventually produced an almost

total alienation. But even if this were not so, there are solid grounds for believing that a very large portion of the romances, existing in the language from which they are thus emphatically *entitled*, were written or composed in this country at a period when that language formed the principal vehicle of poetry as well as of courtly conversation.

With respect, however, to the lighter early English poems, their originality must, it is believed, be still more apocryphal, since several of them at least are obviously translations from, or imitations of, ancient French *fabliaux*\*. Such was the case, it is supposed, with the “Frere and the Boye,” and “How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray,” published by Mr. Ritson; and two of the poems contained in the second volume of this collection seem to be taken from similar sources. The plan, as well as quaintness of the title to the

\* A large proportion however of the French *fabliaux*, or tales, were written in England.—Vid. *Archæologia*, vol. xiii. pp. 36, et seq. and 249.

"Proud Wifes Paternoster" might have been suggested by "la Paternostre d'amours," one of the tales given by M. Meon in his edition of "Fabliaux et contes des poetes François des xi. xii. xiii. xiv. et xv. siècles." Paris, 1808. tom. iv. p. 441. And the materials for "The Wife lapped in Morel's skin" are to be found (though with considerable variation) in a tale contained in the same work, entitled, "De la male Dame, alias de la Dame qui fu escoilliée," vol. iv. p. 365. The name of 'Morel' also occurs as given to a horse in another fabliau in the same work, called, "C'est de la Dame qui aveine demandoit pour morel \* sa provende avoir," vol. iv. p. 277.

In the arrangement adopted by the editor in the publication of these volumes he has divided the romances of chivalry from the more humorous poems, considering them not only as being specimens of distinct classes, but also as being the

\* In old French 'Moriax'—cheval noir—*Maurus*. *Roquefort Gloss. de la lange romane*, ii. 208.



productions of two different æras. The first volume is confined to romances, which, although (with the exception of one) taken from printed copies, nevertheless contain strong internal evidence of their being composed at a period long anterior to the invention of printing, even if such antiquity were not proved in many instances by their being found in early MSS. Notwithstanding three of the romances contained in the first volume had already been analysed by Mr. George Ellis, the editor conceived that the publication of them in their complete state would not be the less welcome to the antiquary and philologist. Every one must admire the elegant work of that gentleman, and desirable to a large proportion of readers as his epitome must ever be, it was imagined that a limited reprint of the entire poems would be acceptable to those who would wish to see the story in its rude simplicity, clothed in the very garb which rendered it acceptable to our unlettered forefathers. The un-

tutored Polynesian is much more an object of interest and curiosity, with no other clothing than his war-mat and feathered helmet, than if fully equipped in the costume of European society.

The second volume is confined entirely to humorous and satirical pieces of a later but still distant period, since most, if not all of them, are only now to be found printed in the black letter, and can hardly in their present shape and language be carried farther back than the middle of the 16th century. It may be considered as some recommendation of this latter volume, that most of the pieces contained in it were the subjects of panegyric by that accurate and intelligent antiquary Ritson, in compliance with whose suggestion this work originated.

The rigid moralist of the present day may perhaps feel inclined to censure the phraseology of some of these latter poems as occasionally swerving from the language of decency: such accusation might be well founded if the ideas of the poet were to be measured by the standard of modern

correctness: but decency is the child of refinement, and every one, at all acquainted with the manners and mode of living of mankind during the middle ages, must be fully aware, that although there was less of delicacy in the language, and perhaps in the habits of society, yet that in the strictness of moral principle our ancestors hardly yielded to their more polished descendants.

Accuracy in the republication is all the merit the editor claims in superintending these volumes through the press. He gratefully acknowledges the kindness of the Marquis of Blandford, Mr. Douce, and Mr. Heber, in affording him the loan of several rare volumes in their respective collections.

Those who take up this little republication of some interesting specimens of our early poesy, may be encouraged in the perusal by recollecting the words of the Priest in *Don Quixote*:

"Pues desa manera," dixo el cura, "quiero leerla per curiosidad siguiera, quizá tendrá alguna de gusto."

E. V. U.

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Romances. (I.)  
§ Tryamoure, &c.

**Syr Tryamoure.**

B

*This poem is supposed, from the name of the hero, to have been a translation from some early French romance, although none with a similar title is now known to exist. In the romance of Syr Launfal the same name is given to a female. In addition to the title, further evidence is afforded of its French original by the quotation from the 'Romaynes,' l. 316. which, according to the opinion of our best informed antiquaries, uniformly proves the parent stock to have been in the old French or romance language.*

*The English version is conjectured to have been made about the reign of Edward II. and was probably one of those poems intended, as Tyrwhitt observes, to be ridiculed by Chaucer in his "rime of Sire Thopas." As a whole, it is not devoid of interest, and although drawn out by the writer to an unnecessary length, may afford no very unfavourable specimen of the species of amusement derived by our feudal ancestors from the romantic recitations of the minstrels. The language is materially modernized in the printed copies, although many words of "olden time" are still to be found in them. It will be seen there is great irregularity in the form of the stanzas.*

*It is particularized in Laneham's letter giving an account of Queen Elizabeth's reception at Kenilworth Castle, as having been in the celebrated collection of Captain Cox, the mason.*

*Two printed copies, both by Copland, and without date, in 4to, are known to exist: viz. one in the Bodleian library, in a quarto volume of the Selden collection, marked C. 39; and a second in the Garrick collection of old plays, in the British Museum, vol. K. 10. from which latter the poem is here reprinted. These appear to be distinct editions.*

*It occurs also in MS. in the public library at Cambridge, 690. § 29. and is also stated by Bishop Percy to have been in his folio MS.*

*To the copy in the Garrick collection is prefixed a miserably executed wood cut (often used about the same period by Copland) of a knight on horseback, accompanied by several other persons, holding out his hand to a monarch.*





## Syr Tryamour.



Now Jesu Chryste our heuen kynge  
Graunte you all his dere blessynge,  
And hye heuen for to wynne,  
If ye wyll a stounde laye to your eere,  
Of aduentres ye shall here  
That wyll be to your lykynge.

Of a kynge and of a quene  
That great joye had them betwe[ne]  
Syr Aradas was his name;

He had a quene named Margarete, 10  
She was as treue as steele, and swete,  
And full false brought in fame  
By the kynges stuarde that Marrocke hight,  
A tratoure and a false knight :  
Here after ye wyll saye all the same.  
He loued wele that lady gent,  
And for she wolde not with him consent,  
He dyde that good quene moche shame.

Thys kynge loued well his quene,  
Bycause she was semely to sene, 20  
And as true as the turtel on tree ;  
Ether to other made grete mone,  
For chyldren together had they none,  
Bygoten on theyr body ;  
Therefore the kynge, I vnderstonde,  
Made a vowe to go to the hole lande,  
Therefore to fyght and to sle ;  
And prayed God that wolde sende him tho  
Grace to gete a chylde bytwene them two,  
That there ryght myght be: 30

So his vowe he dyde there make,  
And of the pope they crosse dyde he take,  
For to seke the londe where God hym bought.

The nyght of his departinge, on y<sup>e</sup> lady mylde  
As God it wolde, he gate a chylde,  
But they bothe wyste it nought;

And on the morowe whan it was daye,  
The kynge hyed on his journeye,  
For to tary, he it not thoughte;  
Than the quene began to morne, 40  
Bycause her lorde wolde no lenger soiorne,  
She syghed sore and sobbed full ofte;

The kynge and his men armed them ryghte,  
Both lordes, barons, and many a knyght,  
With him for to goo;  
Than bytwene her, and the kynge,  
Was muche sorowe and mournynge  
Whan they sholde departe in two:  
He kyssed and toke his leue of the quene,  
And of other ladies, brighte and shene, 50  
And of Marrocke his stuarde also;  
The kynge cōmaūded hym on payne of his lyfe,  
All for to kepe well the quene his wyfe,  
Bothe in wayle and in woo;

Nowe is the kynge forthe gone,  
To the place where God was on the crosse done,  
And warreth there awhyle;

V. 54. *wayle* for *wcal*.

Than bethought this false stuarde,  
 As ye shall here afterwarde,  
 His lorde and kyng to begyle.

60

He wowed the quene daye and nyght,  
 For to lye with her and he myght,  
 He dredde no creature tho;  
 Full fayre he dyde to that lady speke,  
 That he mighte in bedde with her slepe,  
 Thvs full ofte he prayed her so;

But she was stedfast in her thought,  
 And herde hym speke, and sayd nought,  
 Tyll he all his tale had tolde;  
 Thā she sayd, Marroke hast thou noo thought, 70  
 All that thou speketh is for nought,  
 I trowe not that thou woulde:  
 Full well my lorde dyde trust thee,  
 Whan he to you delyuered me,  
 To haue me vnder thy holde;  
 And woldest (thou) full fayne,  
 Do to thy lorde shame,  
 Traytoure thou arte to bolde.

Than sayd Marroke vnto that lady,  
 My lorde is gone nowe verely,  
 Agayne Goddes foes to fyght;

80

And without the more vonder be,  
 He shall come no more at thee,  
 As I am a true knyght.  
 And madame we wyl worke so priuely,  
 That whider he do lyue or dye,  
 For of this shall wyte no wyght:

Than waxed the quene wonder wrothe,  
 And swore many a grete othe,  
 As she was a true woman; 90  
 She sayd, treaytoure yf euer thou be so hardy,  
 To shewe me of such a velany,  
 On a galowes thou shalt hange;  
 Yf I may knowe after this  
 That thou tyce me to do a mysse  
 Thou shalt haue the lawe of the londe.

Syr Marroke sayd, lady mercy!  
 I sayd it for no velany,  
 By Jhesu heven kynge;  
 But onely for to proue your wyll, 100  
 Whyther that ye were good, or yll,  
 And for none other thyng.  
 But now madame, I may well see,  
 That ye be true as turtle on the tre,  
 Vnto my lorde the kynge,

And that is to me bothe gladde and lefe,  
 Therefore take it not in grefe,  
 For no maner of thyng.

And so the treatoure excused hym tho,  
 The lady wende it had bene so, 110  
 As the stuarde had sayde;  
 He wente forthe, and helde hym styll,  
 And thought he coud not haue his wil,  
 Therefore he was euyll apayde:  
 So with treason, and trechery,  
 He thought to do her velany;  
 Thus to hymselfe he sayde:  
 Nyght and daye laboured he than,  
 For to deceyue that good woman,  
 So at the laste he her betrayed. 120

¶ Now of thys good quene leue we;  
 And by the grace of the holy triniti  
 Full grete with chyld she dyde gone.  
 ¶ Now of kynge Aradas speke wee;  
 That full ferre in hethenesse is he,  
 To fyghte agayne Goddes fonne.

Ther with his armi, and withal his might,  
 Slew many a proude Sarzyn in fyghte;  
 Grete worde of them there rose

In the hethen lond, and also in pagany, 130  
And in euery other lende that they came by,  
There sprange of hym grete lose.

Whan he had done his pilgrimage,  
And laboured all that great vayge,  
With all his good wyll and lyberte :  
At flome Iordan, and at Bedleem,  
And at Caluery, besyde Jherusalem,  
In all the places was he :

Than he longed to come home,  
To se his lady that lyued alone, 140  
He thought euer on her gretely.

So longe they sayled on the fome,  
Tyll at the last he came home,  
He aryued ouer the salte stronde.  
The shyppes dyde stryke theyr saylles echone,  
The men were gladde yt the kynge came home  
Vnto his owne lande :

There was bothe myrthe and game,  
The quene of his cominge was full fayne :  
Eche of them tolde other tydynge ; 150  
The kynge at laste his quene behelde,  
And sawe her so grete with childe,  
He wondred at that thyng :



Many tymes he dyd her kysse,  
 And made grete joye wythoute mysse,  
 His hert made great reioysynge.

Soone after the kynge herde tydynge newe,  
 By Marrocke that false knyght vntrewe,  
 With treason he gan his lorde frayne:  
 My lorde he sayd for Goddes byne,  
 Of that chylde that neuer was thyne,  
 Why arte thou so fayne?

160

Ye wene that it your owne be;  
 But syr, he sayde, for certente,  
 Your quene hath you betrayne:  
 An other knyght so God me spede,  
 Bygate thys chylde syth you yede,  
 And hath thy quene forlayne.

Alas sayd the kynge how maye this be,  
 For I betoke her vnto the,

170

Her to kepe in wele and wo?  
 And vnder thy kepynge how fortunes this,  
 That thou suffred her in do amys?

Alas Marocke why dyde thou so?  
 Syr, sayde the stuarde, blame not me,  
 For moche mone she made for the,  
 As thought she had loued no moo:

V. 160. *bonds?* from the A. S. Pynban, *includere*.

V. 177. *thought* for *though*.

I trowed on her no velany,  
 Tyll I sawe one lye her by,  
     As the mele had wrought; 180  
 To hym I canne with eger mode,  
 And slewe the traytoure as he stode :  
     Full sore it her forthought;  
 Than she trowed she sholde be shente,  
 And promysed me both londe and rente,  
     So fayre she me besoughte,  
 To do with her al my wyll,  
 Yf that I wolde holde me styll,  
     And tell you nought :

Of this, said y<sup>e</sup> king, I haue gret wōder, 190  
 For sorowe my hert wyll breke asonder,  
     Why hathe she done amysse ?  
 Alasse to whome shall I me mone,  
 Syth I haue loste my comly quene,  
     That I was wont to kysse ?  
 The kyng sayd, Marrocke, what is thy rede ?  
 It is beste to brenne her to ded,  
     My lady that hathe done me this :—  
 Now by cause that she is false to me,  
 I wyll neuer more her se, 200  
     Nor dele with her ywys.

V. 180. This line appears only intelligible in a very coarse allusion.

V. 181. Qu. *came*?

The stuarde sayd, lorde, do not so,  
 Thou shalte her neyther brenne ne flo,  
 But do as I shall you tell.

Marrocke sayd, this counceyll I :  
 Banysshe her out of your londe preuely,  
 Ferre in exyle;

Delyuer her an ambelynge stede,  
 And an olde knyght, her to lede,  
 Thus by my counsell loke ye do;

210

And gyue them some spendynge,  
 That may them oute of the londe to brynge,  
 I wolde no better than so;

And an other mānes chylde sholde be your heyre,  
 It were neyther good, nor fayre,  
 But if it were of your kynne.

Than sayd the kynge, so mote I the,  
 Ryght as thou sayest, so shall it be :  
 And erst wyll I neuer blyne.

So now is exyled that good quene,  
 But she wist not what it dyne mene,  
 Nor what made hym to begynne;

220

To speke to her he ne wolde;  
 That made the quenes herte full cold,  
 And that was grete pyte and synne.

*V. 221. dyne. Qu. dyde?*

He dyde her cloth in purple wede,  
And sette her on an olde stede,  
That was both croked, and almost blynd.

He toke her an olde knyght,  
Kynne to the quene, and Syr Roger hyght,      230  
That was bothe curteyse, and kynde;  
Thre dayes he gaue hym leue to passe,  
And after that daye set was,  
Yf men myght them fynde,  
The quene sholde be brenned stercke deed,  
In a fyre, with flames rede:  
This came of the stuardes mynde.

Forty florens for theyr expence,  
The kyng bad gyue thē in this presēce,  
And commaunded them to go.      240  
The lady mourned as she sholde dye,  
For all this she wiste not why,  
He fared with her so.  
The good knight comforted thei quene,  
And sayd, at Goddes wyll all must bene,  
Therefore, madam, mourn you no more.  
Syr Roger hathe for her muche care,  
For ofte she mourned as she dyd fare,  
And cryed and syghed full sore ;

Lordes, knyghtes, and ladyes gente, 250  
Mourned for her whan she wente,  
And be wayled her that season.  
The quene began to make sorow and care,  
Whan she from the kyng should fare,  
With wronge agayne all reason :  
Forth they wente, in nombre thre,  
Syr Roger, the quene, and the grehounde truely,  
A wo worthe the wycked treason !

Than thought the stuarde truely,  
To do the quene a velany, 260  
And to werke with her his will.  
He ordeyned hym a company  
Of his owne men pryuely,  
That wolde assent hym tyll.  
All vnder a wodes syde they dyde ly,  
There as the quene sholde passe by,  
And helde them wonder styll :  
And there he thought verely,  
This good quene for to lye by,  
His lustes to fullfill. 270

And whan the came into the wood,  
Syr Roger, and the quene so good,  
And there to passe without doubte ;

With that they were ware of the stuarde

How he was comynge to them warde

With a full grete route.

Here is treason sayd the quene;

Alas, sayd Syr Roger, what may this mene?

With foes we be sette rounde aboute:

The knyght sayd, here wyll we dwell, 280

Our lyues shall we full dere sell

Be they neuer so stoute:

Madame, he sayde, be not aferde,

For I thynke with this same swerde

That I shall make them loute.

Than cryed the stuarde to Syr Roger on hye

And sayde, olde traytoure thou shalte dye,

For that I go aboute.

Syr Roger sayde, not for the;

My dethe shalt thou sore abyde, 290

For with the I wyll fyght.

He wente to hym full shoretly,

And olde Syr Roger bare hym manly,

Lyke a full hardy knyght;

He hewed on them boldely,

There was none of that company

So hardy nor so wyght;

c

Syr Roger hyt on one the hede,  
That to the gyrdell the swerde yede,

Than was he of hym quyte.

300

He smote a stroke with his swerde good,  
That all aboute hym ranne thei blodde,

So sore he dede than smyte.

Truly his grehounde, that was so good,  
Dyde helpe his maister and by him stode,  
Full bytterly he gan byte.

Than that lady, that fayre fode,  
She fered Marrocke, in her mode

She lyght on fote and lefte her stede,  
And ranne fast and wolde not leue,  
And hydde vnder a grene greue,

310

For she was in grete dred.

Syr Roger than the quene gan beholde,  
And of hys lyfe he dyde nothyng holde,

His good grehounde dyde helpe hym indede;  
And as it is in Romaines tolde,  
Fourtene he slewe of yemen bolde,

So he quited him in that stede:

If he had be armed ywys

All the maystry had be his,

320

Alas! he lacked wede.

As good Syr Roger gaue a stroke  
 Behynde hym came Syr Marrocke,  
 That euyl myght he spede.  
 He smote Syr Roger with a spere,  
 That to the ground he dyde hym bere,  
 And fast that knyght dyde blede;  
 Syr Marrocke gaue him such a wou'd  
 That he dyed there on the grounde,  
 And that was a synfull dede.

330

Now is Syr Roger slayne certaynly;  
 He rode forthe and lette hym lye,  
 And sought after the quene:  
 Fast the rode and sought euery waye,  
 Yet wyste the not where the quene laye,  
 Than had that traytour tene;  
 Ouer all the wodde he her sought,  
 But as God wolde he founde her nought,  
 Than waxed he wrothe I wene,  
 And helde his iourney euyl besette  
 That he not with the quene had mette  
 To haue had his pleasure, that traytoure kene.

340

And whan he coude not that lady fynde  
 Homewarde they began to wende,  
 Harde by where Syr Roger laye;



Thei stuarde hym thruste throughout,  
For of his deth he had no dought,

And thus the story dooth saye.

Whan thei traytoure had done so

He let hym lye and wente hym fro,

350

And toke no thought no daye;

Yet all his company was nye gone,

Fourtene he lefte there deed, for one,

There passed but four awaye.

Than the quene was ful wo,

And whan she sawe that they were go,

She made sorowe and crye:

Than she rose and wennte agayne

To Syr Roger, and founde hym slayne,

His grehound by his fete dyde lye.

360

Alas! she sayde, that I was borne,

My true knight now haue I lorne,

They haue hym here slayne:

Full pyteously she made her mone,

And sayd, nowe must I go alone,

The grehunde she woulde haue had full fayne;

The hounde styll by his maister dide lye,

He lycked his woundes and dyde whyne and crye;

This to se the quene had payne,

V. 351. *no daye—not at all.*

And sayd, Syr Roger this haste thou for me, 370

Alas that euer it shoulde so be,

Her heere she tare a twayne;

And than she wente and toke her stede,

She no lenger there abede

Leest men shode fynde her there;

She sayd, Syr Roger now thou arte dede

Who shal me now the ryghte waye lede?

For now thou may speke no more.

Ryght on the grounde there as he laye dede

She kyssed hym or she from hym yede, 380

God wote her herte was sore:

What for sorowe and drede

Fast awaye she gan her spede,

She wyste not whether ne where.

The good grehounde for wele ne wo \

Wolde not fro the knyght go,

But laye and lycked his wounde;

He wente to haue heled hym agayne,

And therto he dyde hys payne,

Lo such loue is in a hounde. 390

This knight laye tyll he dyde stynke,

The grehounde than began to thynke, \

And scraped a pytte anone;

V. 373. *tare—torc.*

V. 374. *abede—aborde.*

Therein he drewe the deed corse,  
 So he couered with erth and mosse,  
 And from hym he wolde not gone :  
 The grehounde laye styll there, |  
 This quene gan forthe fare,  
 For drede of her fone.

She had grete sorowe in her harte, 400  
 The thornes pricked her wonder smert,  
 She wyst not whether to go :  
 This lady forthe fast gan hye  
 In to the londe of Hongrye,  
 Thyder came she with grete wo ;  
 At laste she came to a woddessyde,  
 But than coude she no ferther rede  
 Her paynes toke her so :  
 She lyghted downe in that tyde,  
 For then she dyde her trauayll abyde, 410  
 God wolde that it sholde be so :  
 Than she with muche payne  
 Tyed her horse by the rayne,  
 And rested her there tyll her paynes were go.

She was delyuered of a man chylde swete,  
 And whan it beganne to crye and wepe  
 It ioyed her herte gretely :

V. 407. *rede*—*ride*.

V. 409. *tyde*—*at that time*.

Soone after whan she might stere  
 She toke her chylde to her full nere  
 And wranped it full softly. 420

What for wery and for wo  
 They fell aslepe bothe two,  
 Her stede stode her behynde :  
 There came a knyght rydyng nere,  
 And founde this lady so louely of chere,  
 As he hunted after the hynde :  
 The knyght hyght Barnarde Mausewyng  
 That founde the quene slepyng  
 Vnder the grene wood lynde.  
 Softely he wente nere and nere, 430  
 He lyghted on fote and behelde her chere,  
 As a knyght curteese and kynde :

He awaked that lady of beaute;  
 She loked on full pyteously,  
 And was aferde full sore.  
 He sayde, what do you here, madame?  
 Of whens be you, and what is your name?  
 Haue ye your men forlorne?  
 Syr, she sayde, yf ye wyll wete,  
 I am named Margarete, 440  
 In Aragon was I borne;

V. 420. *wranped*—*wrapped*.

Here I haue suffred moche grefe,  
 Helpe me, syr, out of this myschefe;  
 At some towne that I were!

The knyght behelde the lady good,  
 Hym thought she was of gentyll blode

That was so harde bestadde:

He toke her vp curteysly,

And the chylde that laye her by,

Them bothe wyth hym he ladde;

450

And made her haue a woman at wyll,

Tendynge to her as yt was skell,

All for to brynge her abedde;

Whatsoever she wolde haue

She neded it not longe to craue,

Her speche was ryghte sone spedde.

They christened the child with grete honoure,

And named hym Syr Tryamoure;

Than the were of him gladde:

Grete gyftes to him was gyuen,

460

Of lordes and ladyes by dene,

In bokes as I redde.

There dwelled that lady longe

With muche ioye then amonge,

Of her they were neuer wery:

V. 450. *ladde—led.*

V. 464. *then—them.*

The chylde was taught grete norture,  
A mayster hym had vnder his cure,  
And taught him curteysye.

This chylde waxed wonderous well,  
Of grete stature, both flesshe and fell, 470  
Every man loued hym truely;  
Of his company all folke were gladde,  
None other cause in dede they hadde,  
The chylde was gentyll and bolde.

¶ Now of the quene lette we be,  
And of the grehounde speke we  
That I erst of tolde.

¶ Longe seuen yere, so God me saue,  
He dyde kepe his maisters graue,  
Tyll that he waxt olde. 480

This grehounde Sir Roger had kepte longe,  
And brought him vp syth he was yonge,

In' storyes as it is tolde;  
Therefore he kepte so there  
Bythe space of seuen yere,

And go from hym he ne wolde;  
Euer vpon his maystres graue he lay,  
Ther myght no man haue hym a way,

For hete neyther for colde;  
Without it were ones a daye 490

He ranne aboute to gete hys praye  
Of beestes that were bolde;

Conyes, whan he might them gete;  
 Thus wolde he laboure for his mete,  
 Yet grete hunger he had in holde.

And seuen yere he dwelled there,  
 Tyll it befell on that one yere,  
 Euen on Christmasse daye,  
 The grehounde, as the story sayes, |  
 Came to the kynges palayes 500  
 Withoute ony delaye;  
 Whan the lordes were sette to mete sōe,  
 The grehounde into thei hall ronae  
 Amonge the knyghtes gaye.

All aboute he gan beholde,  
 But he sawe not what he wolde,  
 Than wente he his waye full ryght :  
 Whan he had sought and coude not fynd  
 He dyde full gentylly his kynde,  
 Spede better whan he myght. 510

The grehounde ranne forth his waye  
 Tyll he came where his maister laye, \  
 As faste as euer he mought :  
 The kynge maruayled on that dede,  
 Frome whens he came, and whyder he yede,  
 Or who hym thyder brought.

The kynge thought he had sene hym ere, |  
But he wyst not well where,  
    Therefore he sayde ryght nought;  
Soone he bethought hym then  
That he hym erste ken,  
    And sate styll in a thoughte.

520

The other daye in the same wyse, \  
Whan the kynge from hys mete sholde ryse,  
    The grehounde came in tho;  
All aboute there he sought,  
But the stuarde founde he nought,  
    Than agayne he began to go.

Than sayde the kynge in that stounde,  
Methynke that it Syr Rogers hounde,  
    That wente forthe with the quene;  
I trowe they be come agayne to this lond,  
Lordes, all this I vnderstonde,  
    It maye ryght well so be :

530

If that they be into thys londe come  
We shall haue worde therof sone,  
    And within shorte space;  
For neuer syns the wente ywys  
I sawe not the grehounde or this ;  
    It is a marueylous case.

540



Whan he cometh agayne folowe hym,  
 For euermore he wyll renne  
 To his maystres dwellynge place;  
 Rynne and go, loke ye not spare  
 Tyll that ye come there,  
 To Syr Roger and my quene.

Than the thyrde daye amonge them all |  
 The grehounde came into the hal,  
 To mate or they were sette :  
 Marrocke the stuarde was within, 550  
 The grehounde thought he wolde not blynne  
 Tyll he with him had mette.

He toke the stuarde by the throte, |  
 And asonder he it botte ;  
 But than he wolde not byde,  
 For to his graue he ranne :  
 There folowed hym many a manne,  
 Some on hors and some besyde.

And whā he cāe wher his mayster was  
 He layde hym downe vpon the grasse 560  
 And barked at the menne agayne :  
 There myght no man hym fro y<sup>e</sup> place gete,  
 And yet with staues y<sup>r</sup> dyd hī bete,  
 That he was almoste slayne.

And whan the men saw no better bote,  
Than yede the home on hors and fote,  
With grete wonder I wene.

The kynge sayde, by Goddes payne,  
I trowe Marrocke hath Syr Roger slayn,

And with treason flemed my quene; 570

Go ye and seke there agayne,  
For there the houndes mayster is slayne,  
Some treson there hath bene.

Thyder the wente, so God me saue,  
And founde Syr Roger in his graue,  
For that was soone sene.

And there they lokyd hym vpon,  
For he was hole bothe flesshe and bone,  
And to the courte hys body the brought;

For whan the kynge dyde hym se 580  
The teres ranne downe from his eye,  
Full sore it him forthought.

The grehounde he wolde not frō this corse fare;  
Than was the kynge caste in care,

And sayde, Marrocke hathe done me tene;  
Slayne he hathe that curteyse knyght,  
And flemed my quene wyth grete vnright,  
As a traytoure kene.

The kynge lett drawe anone ryght  
 The stuardes body, that false knyghte,  
     With horse through the towne;  
 Than he hanged hym on a tre,  
 That all men myght his body se

590

    That he had done treason :  
 Syr Rogers body the next daye  
 The kynge lette bury in good araye,  
     With many a bolde baron.

The grehounde wolde neuer awaye,  
 By nyght nor yet by daye,  
     But on the grounde he dyde dye. }

600

The kynge dyde sende his messengere  
 In euery place fere and nere  
     After the quene to spye;  
 But for ought he coude enquere  
 He coude of that lady nothyng here,

    Therfore the kynge was sory :  
 The kynge sayd, I knowe no rede,  
 For well I wote my quene is dede,

    For sorowe nowe shall I dye :  
 Alas that euer she fro me wente,  
 This false stuarde hathe me shente  
     Through his false trechery.

610

This kinge lyued in grete sorowe,  
Euery day, bothe euen and morowe,  
Tyll that he were brought to grounde :  
He lyued thus many a yere  
Wyth mournynge and with euyl chere,  
Hys sorowes lasted longe.  
And euer it dyde hym grete payne  
Whā he thought howe Syr Roger was slayne, 620  
And how helped hym hys hounde ;  
And of hys quene that was so mylde,  
How she went from him grete w̃ child :  
For wo than dyde he sounde.

Longe tyme thus lyued the kynge  
In grete sorowe and mournynge,  
And oftentimes dyde wepe ;  
He toke grete thought more and more,  
It made his herte wery sore,  
Hys syghes were sette so depe. 630

Now of the kyng wyll be blinne,  
And of the quene let vs begyne,  
And her sonne Tryamoure :  
For whan he was fourteene yere olde  
There was no man so bolde  
That durst do hym dysshonoure ;

In euery lymme bothe styffe and strōg,  
Of stature he was bothe large and longe,  
And comely, of hyghe coloure;  
All that euer he dwelled amonge  
He dyde neuer none of them wronge,  
That was the more his honoure.

640

In that tyme sekerly  
Dyed the kynge of Hungry,  
That was of grete age ywys :  
He had no heyre his londe to holde,  
But a douter of fourtene yere olde,  
Fayre Elyne she named is :

She was as whyte as lely floure,  
And comely of her gaye coloure,  
The fayrest of ony towne or towre ;  
She was well shapen of fote and hande,  
Pere had she none in no lande,  
She was so fresshe and so ameraus ;

650

For whan her fader was deed  
Grete ware began to sprede  
In that londe aboute :  
Than that ladyes counsaile gaue her rede  
To gete her a lorde her lande to lede,  
To rule the realme without doubte :

660

Some myghty prynce, that well myght  
Rule her land by reason and ryght,  
That all men to hym myght loute.

And whan her counsayle had sayd so,  
For grete nede that she had therto,

She graunted them without lye.

That lady sayd, I will no fere,

But he be prynce or prynces pere,

And chefe of all chyualry;

Therto she dyd consente,

670

And gaue her lordes commaundement

A grete justynge for to crye :

And at that justynge sholde so be,

What man that sholde wynne the degre

Sholde wynne that lady truely.

The daye of justynge was sette,

Halfe a yere wythoute lette,

Withoute ony more delaye;

Bycause they meght haue good space,

Lordes an dukes of euery place,

680

For to be there that daye.

Lordes thei beste of euery lande

Herde tell of this tydyng,

And made them redy full gaye :

D

Of euery lande there was the beste,  
 Of the the states their moost bonasty,  
 Attyred many a lady gaie.

Grete was the chyualry  
 That came that tyme to Hungry  
 To just there with might.  
 At laste Tryamoure herde tydyng  
 That there shoulde be a justinge,  
 Thyder wolde he wende.  
 If he west that he myght gayne  
 With all his might he wolde befayne  
 That gaye lady for to wyne.

690

He had no horse ne none other gere,  
 Nor no wepen with hym to were,  
 That brake his harte a twayne :  
 He thought bothe euen and morowe  
 Where he myght some armer borowe,  
 Ther of wolde he be fayne.  
 To Syr Barnarde he gan mene  
 That he wolde hym armours lene  
 To juste agayne the knyghtes of mayne.  
 Than sayd Barnarde, what hast thou thoughte ?  
 Pardy, of justyng thou canst nought,  
 For ye be not able wepen to welde.

700

V. 686. *Of the three, &c.*—The best of the three estates. Qu.

Syr, sayd Tryamoure, what wote ye  
Of what strengthe that I be 710

Tyll I haue assayed in felde?

Than Syr Barnarde, that was full hende,  
Tryamoure, yf thou wylte wende,

Thou shalt lacke no wede;

I wyll lende the all my gere,  
Hors, harneys, shelde and spere,

Thou art nothenge to drede;

Also thyder with the wyll I ryde,  
And euermore be by thy syde,

To helpe the yf thou haue nede; 720

All thyng that thou wylte haue,  
Golde and syluer yf ye wyll craue

Thy journey for to spede.

Tho was Tryamoure glad and lyght,  
And thāked Barnard with al his might,

Of his grete proferinge;

That daye the justynge sholde be  
Tryamoure set hym on his kne

And asked his moders blessynge.

At hōe she wold haue keped hym faine, 730

But all her laboure was in vaine,

There myght be no lettyng:

D 2



She sawe it wolde no better be,  
Her blessynge she gaue hym verely,  
With full sore wepynge.

And whan it was on the morowe daye  
Tryamoure was in good araye,

Armed and well dyght :

Whan he was sette on stede

He was a man in lengthe and brede,

740

And goodly in mannes syghte.

Tryamoure to the felde gan ryde,

And Syr Barnarde by his syde,

Theyr hartes was jocunde and lyght;

There was none in all the felde

That was more semelyer vnder a shelde,

He rode full lyke a knyght.

Than was the fayre ladye set

Full hye vpon a turret

For to beholde that playe.

750

There was many a semely knyght,

Prynces, dukes, and lordes of myght,

Them selfe for to assaye;

With helmes on theyr hedes bryght,

That all the fylde shone on that light,

They were so stoute and gaye.

Than Syr Triamoure and Syr Barnard  
They pressed them into the felde warde,  
There durste no man say naye.

There was moche prees and pryde 760  
Whan euery man to the other gan ride,  
And lordes of grete renowne.  
It befell Tryamoure that tede  
For to be on his fathers syde,  
The kynge of Aragon.  
The fyrste that rode forth certaynly  
Was a grete lorde of Lombardy,  
A wonderfull bolde baron :  
Tryamoure rode hym agayne,  
For all that lord had myght and mayn 770  
The chylde bare hym adowne.

Than cryed Syr Barnarde with honoure,  
A Tryamoure ! Tryamoure !  
For men sholde hym kenne.  
Mayde Elyne, that was so mylde,  
More she behelde Tryamoure the chylde  
Than all the other menne.  
Than the kynges sonne of Nauerne  
Wolde not his body warne,  
He prycked forthe on the playne ; 780

Than yonge Tryamoure, that was so stoute,  
 Torned hymselfe rounde aboute,  
 And faste rode hym agayne.

So neither of them were to ground cast,  
 They sate bothe so wonder faste,

Lyke men of muche myght.

Than came there forth a batchelere,  
 A prynce proude without pere,

Syr James forsothe he hyght;

He was y<sup>e</sup> emperours son of Almaine;

790

He rode Syr Tryamoure agayne,

With harde streyngthe to fighte;

Syr James had suche a stroke indede

That he was tumbled from hes stede,

Than fayled hym all his myghte.

There men myght se swerdes braste,

Helme ne shelde myght not laste,

And thus it dured tyll nyght.

But whan the sonne drewe ferre west,

That all the lordes wente to reste,

800

*Not so the maide Elyne.\**

The knyghtes attyred them in good araye,

On stedes grete with trappour gaye,

Before the sonne gan shyne.

Than to the felde the prycked preste,  
And euery man thought hymselfe beste,

*As the mayden faire they paste;\**

Than they fyersly rane to gether,  
Grete speres in pyces dyd shyuer,

Theyre tymber myght not laste. 810

And at that tyme there dyde ronne

The kyng Aradas of Aragon;

His sone Tryamoure mette hym that tyde,

And gaue his father suche a rebounde

That horse and man fell to the grounde,

So stoutly gan he ryde.

Than the nexte knyght that he mette

Was Syr James, and suche a stroke hym let,

Of the shelde there on the playne,

That the blode brast out at nose and yeres; 820

His stede vnto the grounde hym beres,

Than was Syr Barnarde fayne.

That maide of grete honoure

Sette her loue on yonge Tryamoure,

That faughte alwaye as a fyers lyon;

Speres that daye many was spente,

And w<sup>th</sup> swerdes there was many a strype lente,

Tyll they fayled lyght of the sonne.

\* There being two lines wanting to complete the stanzas in the original, the above are supplied on conjecture.

On the morowe all the were fayne  
For to come vnto the felde agayne 830

With grete spere and shelde :  
Than the Duke of Cycyll, Syr Fylar,  
That was a doughty man in euery warre,  
He rode fyrste into the felde ;  
And Tryamoure toke his spere,  
Agayne the duke he gan it bere,  
And smote hym in the shelde ;  
A sonder in two peces hit wente,  
And than many a louely lady gent  
Full well the hym behelde. 840

Than came forthe a knyght that hyght Terry,  
He was a grete lorde of Surry,

He thoughte noble Tryamoure to assayll ;  
And Tryamoure rode to hym blyue  
In all the strengthe that he myght dryue,  
He thought he wolde not fayll ;  
He smote hym so in that stounde,  
That horse and man fell to the grounde,  
So sore his stroke he sette.

Than durst there no man to Tryamoure ryde, 850  
For fortune helde all on his syde  
All that dayes thre.

Syr James, sonne vnto the emperour,  
Had enuy to Syr Tryamoure,  
And layde wayte for hym pryuylye.

At the laste Tryamoure came rydynge by;  
Syr James sayde, Traytoure thou shalt dye,  
For thou hast done me shame :  
He rode to Tryamoure with a speare,  
And throughe the thyghe he gan hym bere, 860  
He had almoste hym slayne ;  
But Tryamoure hyt hym on the heed,  
That he fell downe starke deed,  
Than was all his men woo.  
Than they wolde haue slayne Tryamoure;  
Without he had had the greter socoure,  
They purposed to do so.  
With that came the kynge Aragus then,  
And rescued Tryamoure with all his men,  
That stode in grete doubte. 870  
Than Syr Barnarde was full woo  
That Tryamoure was hurte soo,  
Than to his owne house he hym brought.

But whan the mother sawe her sones wound  
She fell downe for sorowe to the grounde,  
And after a leche she sente.

Of this all the lordes that was at justynge  
 To the palayes they made hyenge,  
 And to that lady wente.

Truely as the story sayes, 880  
 They pricked forth to the palayes,  
 The ladyes wyll to here :  
 Bachelers and knyghtes preest,  
 That she myght chose of them the beest,  
 Whiche to her faynest were.  
 The lady behelde all that fayre meyne,  
 But Tryamoure she coude not se,  
 Tho chaunged all her chere;  
 Tho she sayd, lordes wher is he ?  
 That euery daye wanne the degre, 890  
 I chose him to my fere.

All aboute they Tryamoure sought,  
 He was ryden home, they founde hym nought,  
 Than was that lady wo;  
 The knyghtes were afore her brought,  
 And of respyte she them besought  
 A yere and no mo :  
 She sayde, lordes, so God me saue,  
 He that me wanne he shall me haue,  
 Ye wote well that my cry was so. 900

They all consented her vntyll,  
For she had sayd nothyng yll,  
They sayd, it sholde be do.

For whan they had all sayde,  
Thus answered that fayre mayde;  
I wyl none but Tryamoure.  
Than all the lordes that were present  
Toke theyr leue and home wente,

There wanne they lytell honoure.  
Syr James menne were nothyng fayne, 910  
Bycause there mayster was slayne,  
That was so stout in stoure.

In chare his body they layde,  
And ladde him home as I haue sayde,  
Vnto his fader the emperoure :  
And whan that he his sonne gan se  
A sory man than was he,  
And asked who hathe done that dysshonoure ?

They sayde, we wote not who it was ywys,  
But Syr Tryamoure he named is, 920  
So called the hym in the crye :  
The kynge of Aragon also  
He helped thy sonne to slo  
Withall his company ;



They sayde, they be good warryours,  
 They bete vs with sharpe shoutes,  
 With grete velany.

Alas ! sayd the emperoure,  
 Tyll I be venged on that traytour  
 Now shall I neuer sease ;  
 They shall haue many a sharp shower,  
 Bothe the kynge and Tryamoure,  
 They shall neuer haue pease ;  
 They emperoure sayd the sholde repēt ;  
 And after grete company he sēt,  
 Of prynces bolde in prese ;  
 Dukes, erles, and lordes of pryse,  
 With a great army, the boke sayes,  
 They yede to Aragon withoute lesse.

930

Kynge Aragus was a dradde,  
 For the emperoure suche power had,  
 That batayle wolde hym bydde :  
 He sawe his londe nye ouergone,  
 And to a castele he fledde anone,  
 And vytaylled yt for drede.  
 The emperoure was bolde and stoute,  
 And bysyged the castell aboute ;  
 Hys baner he began to sprede,

940

And arayed hys hoost full well and wysely,  
With wepens stronge and myghty, 950  
He thought to make them drede.

He gaue a salte to the holde,  
Kynge Aragus was stoute and holde,  
Ordeyned hym ful well  
With gones, and grete stones rounde  
Were throwen downe to the grounde,  
And on the men were caste;  
They brake many backes and bones :  
Thus they foughte euery daye ones,  
Whyle seuen wekes dyde laste. 960  
The emperoure was hurt yll therfore,  
His men were hurt sore,  
All his joye was paste.

Kynge Aragus thought full longe  
That he was besyged so stronge  
With so muche might and mayne;  
Two lordes forth on message he sente,  
And straye to the emperoure y' went ;  
So whan they coude hym se,  
Of peas they gan hym praye. 970  
And take trewes tell a certayne daye :  
They kneled downe on theyr kne

And sayde, our kyng sendeth worde to the  
That he neuer your sone dyd sle,

So he wolde quyte hym fayne ;

He was not than prysente,

Nor in no wyse dyde consente

That your sonne was slayne ;

That wyll he preue, yf ye wyll so,

Yourselfe and he bytwene you two,

If ye wyll it, sayne ;

980

Or els take yourselfe a knyght,

And he wyll do another, to fyghte

On a certayne daye :

If that your knyght happe so

Our for to dyscomfyte or slo,

As by fortune it maye,

Our kyng than wyll do hi in your wyll,

And be at your byddyng, loude and styl

Withoute more delaye ;

990

And also yf it betyde

That your knyght on our ryde

By slayne by myschaunce,

My lorde shall make yone warre sease,

*And we shall after be at pease,\**

Without any dystaunce.

\* In the original a line appears wanting ; I have ventured to supply the chasm.

Themperoure sayd, withoute fayle  
Sette a day of batayle,

By assent of the kynge of Fraunce;  
For he had a great company,  
In euery realme he wanne the renoüe,  
So the emperoure sesed his distaünce.

1000

Whan pease was made and trewes tane,  
The kynge of Aragus was a joyfull man,  
And trusted vnto Tryamoure :  
So after hym he sente without fayle,  
For to do the grete batayle,  
To his helpe and socoure.

His messengers were come and gone,  
Tydynges of hym herde they none,  
The kynge Aragus thought hym longe.  
And he be deed, he sayd, I maye saye alas !  
Who shall than fyghte with Marradas,  
That is so stoute and stronge.

1010

¶ Whan Tryamoure was hole and sounde,  
And well heled of his wounde,  
He busked hem for to fare:  
He sayde, moder with mylde chere,  
And I wyst what my fader were,  
The lesse were my car.

1020

Sonne, she sayde, thou shalt wete,  
 Whā thou hast married that lady swete  
 Thy fader thou shalt kenne.  
 Moder, he sayd, yf he wyll,  
 Haue good daye, for now I go  
 To do maystryes yf I can.

Than rode he ouer dale and downe,  
 Tyll he came to Iragowne,

Ouer many a wery waye.

Adventures many dyd him befell,  
 And all he scaped full well,

1030

In all his greate journeye :  
 He sawe many a wylde beest,  
 Bothe in hethe and in wylde forest ;  
 He had good grehoundes thre ;  
 To a harte he let them rene,  
 And that xiiii. fosters aspied hym sone,

So thretenynge hym gretely,  
 They yede to him withe wepens on euery syde,  
 It was no bote to bydde them byde,

1040

Tryamoure was lothe to fle :  
 He sayde to them, lordes I you praye  
 Lete me in pease wende my waye,  
 To seke my grehoundes thre.

Than sayde Tryamoure, as in this tyme  
Of golde and syluer take all myne,

If that I haue trespassed ought.

They sayd, we wyll mete with the anone,  
There shall ne golde borowe the sone,

But in pryson thou shalte be brought; 1050  
Suche is the lawe of the grounde,

Whosoever therein be founde

Other waye go they nought.

Than Syr Tryamoure was full wo

That he sholde to pryson go,

He thought the flesshe he to dere bought.

There was no more to saye,

The fosters at hym gan laye

With strokes sterne and stoute.

There Tryamoure wyth them fought, 1060

And to they grounde some he brought,

He made them lowe to loke :

Some of them faste gan praye,

The other fledde faste awaye,

With wouldes wyde that they soughte.

Tryamour rod and sought his grehoudes,

He harkned to here ther yernig soude,

And thoughte not for to leue them so ;

At laste he came to a water syde,  
There he sawe the beest abyde 1070  
That had slayne of his grehoundes;  
The thyrde full sore troubled the hynde,  
And he hurte hym with his tinde,  
Than was Tryamoure wo.

If the batayle had lasted a whyle  
The harte wolde the hounde begyle  
And take his lyfe for euermore;  
Tryamoure smote at the dere,  
That to the harte wente the spere;  
Than his horne he blewe full sore. 1080

The kynge laye ther besyde,  
At a maner that same tyde,  
He herde a horne blowe:  
They had grete wonder in hall,  
Both squyers and knyghtes all,  
For no man coude it knowe.  
With that ranne in a foster  
Into the hall with euyl chere,  
He was full sory I trowe.  
The kynge of tydynges gan hym frayne; 1090  
He answered, Syr Kynge, your keepers be slayne,  
And lye deed on a rowe;

There came a knyght that was myghty,  
He let thre grehoundes renne full wyghty,  
And layde my felowes full lowe.

He sayd, it was full true,  
That the same that the horne blewe,  
That all this sorowe hath wrought.  
Good kynge Aradas sayd than,  
I haue grete nede of suche a man,  
God hath hym hyther broughte.

1100

The kynge commaunded knyghtes thre,  
He sayd, go fetche that gentleman to me  
That is now at his playe;  
Loke none yll wordes to hym ye breke,  
But praye hym with me for to speke,  
I trowe he wyll not saye naye.

Euery knyght his stede hente,  
And lyghtly to the wodde the wente,  
To seke Tryamoure that chyld.

1110

They founde hym by a water syde,  
Where he brake the best that tyde,  
That harte that was so wyld.  
The sayde, Syr, God be at your game,  
He answered them, euen the same,  
Than was he aferde of gyle.



Syr knyght, the sayde, is it your wyll  
To come and speke our kynge vntyll  
Weth wordes meke and mylde ?

Tryamoure asked them shortely, 1120  
What hyght your kynge, tell you me,  
That is lorde of this londe ?  
This londe hyght Aragowne,  
And Aradas our kynge with crowne,  
His place is here at hande.

Tryamoure wente vnto the kynge,  
And he was gladde of his comynge,  
He knewe hym at the fyrste syght.  
The kynge toke hym by the hande  
And sayd, welcome to this lande, 1130  
And axet hym what he hyght.  
Syr, my name is Tryamoure;  
Ones ye helped me in a stoure,  
As a noble man of myght;  
And now I am here in your londe,  
So was I neuer erste I vnderstonde,  
By God full of myght.

Whan the kynge wyst that it was he  
His herte reioysed gretely,  
Thre tymes he dyde downe fall, 1140

And sayd, Tryamoure, welcome to me,  
Grete care and sorowe I haue for the,

And he tolde hym all.

With the emperoure he toke a daye,  
Defende me yf that I maye,

To Jesu wyll I call ;

For I neuer his sonne slewe,

God it knoweth I saye but true,

And helpe me I truste he shall.

Than sayd Tryamoure tho,

1150

That ye for me haue be greued so,

If I myght it amende,

And at the daye of batayll

I trust to proue my myght well,

If God wyll grace me sende.

Than was kynge Aradas very gladde,

And of Maradas he was not adradde,

Whan he to the batayle sholde wende ;

He joyed that he sholde well spede,

For Tryamoure was ware at nede

1160

Agenste hys enemye to defende.

There Tryamoure dwelled with the kynge

Many a weke withoute lettynge,

He lacked ryghte noughte.

And whan the daye of batayle was come,  
 Themperoure with his men hasted him soone,  
 And many woder thoughte;  
 He broughte thyder bothe kynge and knyghte,  
 And Maradas, that was of myghte,  
 To batayle hym he broughte: 1170  
 There was many a semely man,  
 Mo then I tell you can,  
 And of them all he ne roughete.

Bothe partes that ylke daye  
 Into the felde toke the waye,  
 They were all redy dyghte:  
 The kynge there kyssed Tryamoure  
 And sayde, I make the mene heyre this houre,  
 And doube the a knyght.  
 Syr, sayde Tryamoure, take no drede, 1180  
 I trust that Jesu wyll me spede,  
 For you be in the ryght;  
 Therfore throughe Goddes grace  
 I wyll fyghte for you in this place,  
 With the helpe of our lordes myght.

Bothe partyes were full sore  
 To holde the promys that was made before,  
 To Jhesu gan they call.

Syr Tryamoure and Marradas  
Well armed they bothe was 1190  
    Amonge the lordes all :  
Eche of them were sette on stede,  
All men of Tryamoure had drede,  
    That was so kynde in all.  
Marradas was styfe and sure,  
There myght no man his strokes endure,  
    But that he made him falle.

Than rode the toger full right,  
Wyth sharpe speres and swerdes bryght  
    They smote togyther sore : 1200  
They spende speres and brake sheldes,  
They poued foule in the felde,  
    Eyther fomed as dothe a bore.

All they wondred that behelde  
How they fought in the felde,  
    There was but a lyte.  
Marradas fared fare wode,  
Bycause Treamoure so longe stode,  
    Sore gan he smyte.

*V. 1194. kynde in all—courteous in hall?*

*V. 1198. toger—together.*

*V. 1202. they poued foule—they pounced as fowl.*

Syr Tryamoure fayled of Maradas, 1210  
 That stroke lyght vpon hys horse,  
 The swerde to grounde gan lyght.  
 Maradas sayd, it is grete shame  
 On a stede to wreke his game,  
 Thou sholdest rather to me smyte.

Tryamoure swore by Goddes myghte  
 I had leuer it had on the lyghte,  
 Than wolde I not be sore;  
 But here I gyue the stede myne,  
 Bycause that I haue slayne thyne, 1220  
 By my wyll it shal be so.

Maradas sayde, I wyll noughte,  
 Tyll I haue hym with strokes boughte,  
 And wonne hym here in fyght.  
 Syr Tryamoure lyghted from his horse,  
 And to Marradas strayte he gose,  
 For bothe on fote they dyde lyght.  
 Syr Tryamoure spared hym nought,  
 And euer in hys herte he thought  
 This daye was I made a knyght; 1230  
 And thought y<sup>t</sup> he hymselfe wolde be slayn sõe,  
 Or elles of hym I wyll my shone,  
 Throughe Goddes myght.

V. 1232. *wyll my shone*—equivalent to *winning my spurs*.

The layde eche at other with good wyll,  
With sharpe swerdes that was made of stele,  
That sauce many a wyght.

Grete wonder it was to beholde  
The strokes that was bitwixte them so bolde,  
All menne might it se.  
The where wery and had so gretely bledde 1240  
Maradas was sore a drede,  
He faynted than gretelye ;

And that Tryamoure lyghtely behelde,  
And fought fyersly in the felde;  
He stroke Marradas so sore,  
That the swerde through the body ranne,  
Than wys the emperoure a sory man,  
He made them pease for euermore :

He kissed the kynge, and was his frende,  
And toke his leue homewarde to wende, 1250  
No lenger there dwell wolde he.  
Than the kynge Aradas and Tryamoure  
Wente to the palayes with grete honoure,  
Into that ryche cyte :  
There was joye withoute care,  
And all they had grete welfare,  
Ther myght no better be ;

They hunted and rode many a where,  
 Full grete pleasure they had there  
     Amonge the knyghtes of pryce. 1260  
 The kynge profered hym full fayre,  
 And sayd, Tryamoure, I make the myne heyre,  
     For thou arte stronge and wyse.

Syr Tryamoure sayd, syr, truely  
 In to other countreys go wyll I,  
     I desyre of you but a stede;  
 Vnto other londes wyll I go,  
 Some grete aduentures for to do,  
     Thus wyll I my lyfe lede.  
 The kynge was very sory tho, 1270  
 Whan that he wolde from hym go;  
     He gaue hym a sure wede.

Also plenty of syluer and golde,  
 And a stede as he wolde,  
     That nothyng wolde fere.  
 He toke his leue of the kynge,  
 And mourned at his departynge,  
     Than hasted he hym there.  
 The kinge saide, Tryamoure, y<sup>t</sup> is mene  
 Whan thou lyst it shal be thyne, 1280  
     And my kyngdome lesse and more.

V. 1279. *mene*—*mine*.

¶ Nowe is Tryamoure forth go,  
Lordes and ladyes for hym were wo,  
Euery man loued hym there.

Treamoure rode in hast truely  
Into the londe of Hongry  
Adventures for to seke;  
Bytwene two mountaynes thei sothe to saye  
He rode forth on his waye,

With a palmer he dyde mete : 1290  
He axed almes for Goddes sake,  
And Tryamoure he hym not forgate,  
He gaue hym with wordes swete.  
The palmer sayde, tourne ye agayne,  
Or els I fere ye wyll be slayne,  
Ye may not passe but ye be bette.

Tryamoure axed why so ?  
Syr, he sayde, there brethren two  
Than on the mountayne dwelles.  
In fayth, sayd Tryamoure, yf there be no mo 1300  
I truste in God that waye to go,  
If this be trewe that thou telles.  
He badde the palmer good daye,  
And rode forth on hys waye,  
Ouer hethe and feldes,



The palmer prayed to hym full fast,  
Tryamoure was not agast,

He blewe hys horne full shyll.  
He had not ryden but a whyle,  
Not the mountenaunce of a myle,  
Two knyghtes he sawe on a hyll :

1310

The one of them to hym gan ryde,  
The other styll gan abyde  
A lytell ther besyde;  
And whan the Tryamoure spyde  
The sayd, traytoure, torne or y<sup>e</sup> shalt dye,  
Therfore stand and abyde.  
Eyther agayne other than gan ryde faste,  
Theyr strokes made theyr speres to braste,  
And made them woundes full wyde.  
The other knyght that houed tho  
Wondred that Tryamoure dared so;  
He rode to them that tyde,

1320

And departed them a twayne;  
To speke fayre he began to frayne,  
With wordes that sounded well.  
To Tryamoure they sayd anone,  
So doughty a knyght knowe I none,  
Thy name that thou vs tell ?

Tryamoure sayd, fyrst wyll I wete  
 Why that ye do kepe thys strete,  
 And where that ye do dwell?

1330

They sayde, we had a brother hyght Maradas,  
 With the emperoure forsothe he was,  
 A stronge man well I knowe;  
 In Aragon, before the emperoure,  
 A knyght, men called hym Syr Tryamoure,  
 In batayle there hym slewe:

And also we say anoder,  
 Burlonge, our elder broder,  
 As a man of mucche myghte;  
 He hath besyged sothely  
 The kynges doughter of Hounghry,  
 To wedde her he hathe hyght;  
 And so well he hathe spedde,  
 That he shall that lady wedde,  
 But she may fynde a knyghte  
 That Burlonge ouercome maye;  
 To that they haue take a daye,  
 Wage batayle and fyghte:

1340

1350

For that same Tryamoure  
 Loued that lady paramoure,  
 As it is before tolde;

If he wyll to Houn gry  
Nedes he muste come vs by,  
To mete with him he wolde.

Tryamoure sayd, I saye not naye,  
But my name wyll I tell this daye,  
In fayth I wyll not layne;  
Thynke your journeye well besette  
For with Tryamoure ye haue mete,  
That your brother hath slayne.

1360

Welcome, they sayde, Tryamoure,  
His deth shalte thou repente sore,  
Thy sorowe shall begynne;  
Yelde the to vs anone,  
For thou shalte not from vs gon  
By no maner of gynne.

They smote fyersly at hym tho,  
And Tryamour agaynst them to,

1370

Withoute more delaye :  
Syr Tryamoure proued him full prest,  
And brake the spere on theyr breste,  
He had suche assaye;

His shelde was broken in pyeces thre,  
His horse was smiten on his kne,  
So harde at hym they thraste.

V. 1356. *he—we.*

Syr Tryamour than was ryght wode,  
And slewe the one there as he stode,  
With his swerde full preest.

1380

That other rode his waye,  
His herte was in grete afraye,  
Yet he tourned agayn that tyde;  
Whan Tryamour had slayne his brother  
A sory man was that other,  
And streyghte agayne to hym dyde ryde.  
Than they two sore fought,  
That the other to the grounde was broughte,  
Than were they bothe slayne.

Tho the lady on Tryamour thought,  
For of hym she knewe ryght nought,  
She wyst not what to saye.

1390

The daye was come that was sette,  
The lordes assembled withoute lette,  
All in good araye.

Burlonge was redy dyght,  
He bad the lady sende her knyght,

She answered I ne may;  
For in that castell she had hyght,  
To kepe her with all her myght,  
As the story dothe saye.

1400

She sayde, yf Tryamoure be aleyue  
Hyther wyll he come blyue,

God sende vs grace to spede.

With that came in Syr Tryamoure,  
In the thyckest of that stoure,  
Into the felde withoute drede.

He axed what all that dyde mene ?

People shewed y<sup>t</sup> a batayle there should bene.

For the loue of that lady.

1410

He sawe Burlonge on his stede,  
And strayte to hym than he yede,

That lady chalengeth he.

Burlonge axed hym and he wolde fight ?

Tryamoure sayde, with all my myght,

To slee the, or thou me.

Anone they made them redy,

There knewe hym none sykerly,

They wondred what he shoulde be.

Hye in a toure stode that goodly lady,

1420

She knewe not what knyght verely

That with Burlonge dyde fyght :

Fast she axed of her men

Yf they coude that knyght kenne

That to batayle was dyght ?

A gryffon he bereth all of blewe,  
 An heraude of armes soone hym knewe,  
 And sayde anone ryght:  
 Madame, God hath sente you socoure,  
 For yonder is Tryamoure, 1430  
 That with Burlonge wyll fyghte.

To Jhesu gan the lady praye,  
 For to spede him on his journey,  
 That he aboute yede.  
 Than these knightes ranne togyder,  
 The speres in pyeces gan shyuer,  
 They fought full sore indede :

There was no man in the felde tho  
 That wyst who shold haue the better of thē two,  
 So myghtyly the dyde them bere. 1440  
 The batayle lasted wonder longe,  
 Though Burlong was neuer so strong  
 There founde he his pere.

Tryamoure a stroke to hym mynt,  
 His swerde fell downe at that dynt,  
 Out of his hande him fro.  
 Than was Burlonge wonder gladde,  
 And the lady was very sadde,  
 And many were full wo.

F

Tryamoure axed his sworde agayne, 1450  
But Burlonge gan hym frayne  
To knowe fyrst his name ;  
And sayde, tell me fyrst what y<sup>n</sup> hyght,  
And whi y<sup>n</sup> chalengest this ladi bright ?  
Than shalt thou haue thy swerd agayn.

Tryamoure sayde, so mote I the,  
My name wyll I tell truely,  
Therof I wyll not doubte ;  
Men call me Syr Tryamoure,  
I wanne this lady in a stoure, 1460  
Amonge barons stoute.

Than sayde Burlonge, thou it was  
That slewe my brother Maradas,  
A fayre happe the befell.  
Syr Tryamoure sayde to hym tho,  
So haue I done thy bretherne two  
That on the mountayne dyde dwell.

Burlonge sayd, wo may thou be,  
For thou hast slayn my bretherne thre,  
Sorowe hast thou sought ; 1470  
Thy swerde getest thou neuer agayn  
Tyll I be venged and thou slayne,  
Now am I well bethought.

Syr Tryamoure sayd, no force tho,  
 Thou shalt repente it or thou go,  
     Do forth, I drede the nought.  
 Burlong to smyte was redy bowne,  
 His fete slipped and he fell downe,  
     And Tryamoure ryght well wrought;

Hys swerde lyghtly he vp hente, 1480  
 And to Burlonge faste he wente,  
     For nothyng wolde he flee;  
 And as he wolde haue rysen agayne  
 He smote his legges euen a twayne,  
     Harde fast by the knee:  
 Tryamoure badde hym stande vpryghte,  
 And all men may se now in fyghte  
     We ben mete of assayse.  
 Syr Tryamoure suffred hym  
 To take another wepen, 1490  
     As a knyght of moche pryce.

Burlonge on his stompes stode  
 As a man that was nye wode,  
     And faught wonder fasle.

*V. 1477. redy bowne—a pleonasm.*

*V. 1488. mete of assayse—equally matched?*

*V. 1494.—fasle—faste.*



And Syr Tryamoure strake strokes sure,  
For he coude well endure,

Of hym he was not aferde;

And vnder his ventayle

Hys heed he smote of withoute fayle,

With that in pecys his swerde braste.

1500

Nowe is Burlynge slayne,

And Tryamoure with mayne

Into the castell wente,

To that lady that was full bryght;

And at the gate she mette thei knyght,

And in her armes she him hente.

She sayd, welcome, Syr Tryamoure :

Ye haue bought my loue full dere, .

My herte is on you lente.

Tho sayde all the barons bolde,

1510

Of hym we wyll oure landes holde;

And therto they dyd assente.

Ther is no more to saye;

But they haue taken a certayne daye

That they bothe shall be wedde.

Syr Tryamoure for his mother sente,

A messenger for her wente,

And into the castell her ledde.

Tryamoure to his moder gan sayne,  
 My fader wolde I knowe fayne, 1520  
 Syth I haue so well spede.

She sayde, kynge Aragus of Aragon,  
 He is thy father, and thou his sonne,  
 I was his wedded quene.  
 A lesynge was borne me on honde,  
 And falsely flemed out of his londe  
 By a traytoure kene :  
 Syr Marrocke he hyght that dyde me wo,  
 And my knyght Syr Roger he dyde slo,  
 That my gyder sholde haue bene. 1530

And whan that Tryamoure all herde,  
 And howe his moder to him sayde,  
 Letters he made and wrought ;  
 He prayed kyng Aragus to come hi til,  
 If that it were his wyll,  
 Thus he hym besought ;  
 If he wyll come to Hungry,  
 For his manhode and his maystry,  
 And that he wolde fayle hym noughte.  
 Tho was kynge Aragus very gladde, 1540  
 The messengers grete gyftes had  
 For the tydynge that the brought.

They daye was come that was sette,  
Lordes came thyder without lette,  
And ladyes of grete pryde.

Than wolde they no longer lette,  
Shortly forthe they her fette,

With two dukes on euery syde :  
The lady to the chyrche they ledde,  
A bysshoppe them togyder dyd wedde,

1550

In full grete haste they hyed.  
Soone after that weddyng  
Syr Tryamoure was crowned kynge,  
They wolde no lenger abyde.

The quene his moder Margarete  
Before the kynge she dyde sette

In a goodly cherre :  
Kynge Aradas behelde his quene,  
Hym thought that he had her sene,

She was a lady fayre.

1560

The kynge sayd, is it your wyll  
For to tell me what is your name,  
I praye you with wordes fayre?

My lorde, she sayde, I was your quene,  
Your stuarde dyde me mekyll tene,  
That euyll myght hym befall.

The kynge spake no mo wordes  
Tyll the clothes were drawen fro the bordes  
And men rose in the hall,  
And by the hande he toke the quene gente, 1570  
So in the chambre forthe he wente,  
And there she tolde hym all.

Than was there grete ioie and blyse  
Whan they togyder gan kysse,  
Than all the company made joye ynowe.  
The yonge quene full gladde  
That she a kynges sonne to her lorde had,  
She was gladde I trowe.

In joye togyder they ledde theyr lyfe,  
All theyr dayes withoute stryfe, 1580  
And lyued many a fayre yere.  
Than kynge Aradas and his quene  
Had ioie ynoughe them bytwene,  
And merely lyued togyder.

And thus we leue of Tryamoure,  
That lyued longe in grete honour  
With the fayre Elyne.

I pray God gyue theyr soules good rest,  
And all that haue herde this litell gest,

Hye heuen for to wyne:

1590

God graunte vs all to haue y<sup>e</sup> grace

Hym for to se in the celestiall place;

I praye you all to saye, Amen.

FINIS.

7  
Romances. (I.)  
§ Iseumbras, Sir.

¶ Here Begynneth  
THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
Valpent Knight, Syr Iseumbras.

*This romance is stated erroneously by Bishop Percy (who is followed by Warton) to have been quoted by Chaucer in his "ryme of Sire Thopas." Although not expressly mentioned by him, it was however one of that class of fictions which he attacked, and which, notwithstanding its former popularity, would probably suffer from the ridicule attached to the system. Sir Thopas is, as Tyrwhitt has remarked, "full of phrases taken from Isumbras" and other romances, which he has particularized.*

*Warton doubts its high antiquity, but gives a quotation from a MS. poem, written, as he supposes, about 1480, in which 'Isenbrace' is alluded to, with Octovian, and other poems of a similar description. Whatever may be its date in an English shape, it evidently is from a French original.*

*If the early romance writers were not generally fond of using names and authorities when they borrowed from holy writ, it might be supposed that the adversity of the knight, and the patience with which he supports it, had been imitated from the book of Job.*

*In a poem called Dowsabell, written by Drayton, and to be found reprinted in Percy's Reliques, vol. 1. p. 306. the name of the hero is particularly cited, from whence it may be conjectured, that in the end*

*of the 16th century (for the first edition of Drayton's Poems, in which Dowsabell occurs, was printed in 1593) the romance had not lost all its popularity. It formed part of Captain Cox's library.*

*There is but one printed copy to be found, which was printed by Copland, without a date, in 4to, and which is now in the Garrick collection of old plays. One MS. of this romance is in the library of Caius College, Cambridge, A. 9. and a second in the British Museum, amongst the Cotton MSS. Caligula A. 11. miscited by Warton as A. 12.*

*The wood cut vignette prefixed to this reprint is a reduced fac-simile from that in the title-page of Copland's edition.*





## Syr Isenbras.



LORDYNGES listen, ad you shal here  
Of eldyrs that before vs were,  
That lyued in lande, and dede ;  
Jesu Christ, heauen kynge,  
Graunt them all his dere blessinge,  
And heauen to their mede.  
Ye shall well heare of a knight,  
That was in warre full wyght,  
And doughtye of his dede ;  
Hys name was Syr Isenbras,  
Man nobler than he was,  
Lyued none with breade ;

10

V. 3. *lande—laude?*

He was lyuely, large, and longe,  
With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,

That myghtie was to se :

He was a hardy man, and hye,  
All men hym loued that hym se,

For a gentyll knyght was he.

Harpers loued him in hall,

With other minstrels all,

20

For he gaue them golde, and fee :

He was as curtoise, as men might thinke,

Lyberall of meate, and drynke,

In the worlde was none so fre.

He had a ladye full of beautye,

And also full of charitie,

As any ladye might be ;

Betwene them they had chyldren thre,

Fayrer lades myght no man se,

Vnder the cope of heauen.

30

For worldly welth, and pryde he fell,

On God he thought neuer a dell,

Nor on ghostly thyng ;

So longe he sinned in that pryde,

No longer woulde our Lorde abyde ;

So after it befell on a daye,

V. 32. *neuer a dell*—not a bit. Ch.

That thys knyght wente hym to playe,

Hys foreest for to se ;

As he loked vp on hye,

He sawe an aungell in the skye,

40

Which toward hym dyd flye :

Isenbras, he sayde there,

Thou hast forgotten what thou were,

For pryde and golde and fee ;

Therefore our Lorde sayth to thee so,

All thy good thou muste forgo,

As thou shalt here after se :

The worldes welth shall fro the fall,

Thou shalt lose thy chyldren all,

And all thy landes free ;

50

Thy lady, goodlyest of all,

For feare of fyre shall flye thy hall

Thys daye, or thou her se.

The knyght fell doune vpon his kne,

Vnderneath an olyue tre,

And helde vp both his handes ;

And then agayne, thus sayde he,

Lorde God in trinitie,

Welcome be thy soundes !

Whyle I am yonge, I maye well go,  
 When I am olde, I maye not so,  
     Though that I fayne woulde ;  
 Therfore, Jesu, I praye thee,  
 In youth send me aduersitie,  
     And not when I am olde.

60

The aungel toke fro thence his flight,  
 And left alone that carefull knyght,  
     From hym he wente his waye ;  
 When the aungell was paste his sight,  
 His stronge stede, that was so wight,  
     Dead vnder hym laye.  
 His haukes and houndes that he fed  
 They wasted, and were all deade,  
     They brought to hym no pray ;  
 Home on fote, he muste gone,  
 The teares fell from his chekes anone,  
     Out of his eyen graye.

70

Homewarde anone he can wende ;  
 There wet he with his meynyhende,  
     Before hym on a rowe :  
 Syr, they sayde, we tell you playne,  
 With adders all youre bestes ben slaine,  
     With venyme are they blowe.

80

The wormes your capons hath you berefte,  
The thunder hath you no beast lefte,  
For to put in your ploughe.  
They wepte sore with semblaunt yll,  
Syr Isenbras bade them be styll,  
I blame you not of this wo :

For he that sende me all this wo, 90  
He maye sende me mirthes mo,  
And shall do well ynoughe ;  
Let your sorowe all cease,  
Enforce your selfe to go in peace,  
And mery as birde on bowe.

He went forth, wo bestad,  
There met he with a lytle lad,  
That came rennyng hym againe ;  
Well worse he hym tolde,  
Brent byn all thy bowres bolde, 100  
Many of thy men be slayne,

There is nothyng left on lyue,  
But thy chyl dren, and thy wyfe,  
They fled for fere of fyre.  
Quod Isenbras, so mote I thryue,  
For these tydynges also blyue,  
I geue thee all that I were.

His purse caste he to hym belyue ;  
 The lade hym thanked often sythe,  
     For his gifte so great :  
 The knyght vnto the towne went,  
 He sawe his place was all to brent,  
     Lowe and playne with the strete.

110

A dolofull sight than gan he se,  
 Hys wyfe and hys chyldren thre  
     Out of the fyre were fled ;  
 There they sate vnder a thorne,  
 Bare, ad naked, as they wer borne,  
     Brought out of theyr bed.

A woful man than was he,  
 Whan he them sawe all naked be ;  
     The lady sayde also blyue,  
 For nothyng syr, be ye adrade :  
 He dyd of his surcote of pallade,  
 And on his wyfe he set it full  
     With full mylde mode.  
 His scarlet mantell than shore he,  
 Therin he closed hys chyldren thre,  
     That naked before hym stode.

120

V. 109. *often sythe*—*oftentimes*.

V. 124. *pallade*—sometimes signifies a particular *stuff*, and at other times a particular *dress*. *De Cange*.

Madame, he sayde, do my rede, 130

Seke we where Christ was quicke and dead,

On the mount of Caluary;

Who so that hym serue that dyed on rode,

Eche daye of his lyues fode,

Fast and sure shall he be.

With a sharpe knyfe he share

A crosse vpon his shoulder bare,

In story as we saye;

All they that his frendes were,

They wept, and wrange their handes there, 140

They songe was, well-a-waye!

The lorde, and the ladye hende

Toke theyr way for to wende,

Vpon the same daye:

Whan that they departe shoulde,

For them wept both yonge, and olde,

Both wyfe, wydow, man, and maye.

They bare with them no maner of thyng

That was worth a farthyng,

Cattell, golde, ne fe;

150

But mekely they asked theyr meate,

Where that they myght it gette,

For saynct charytie!

Seuen landes they gan through passe,

By Goddes succour, myght, and grace,

Hys wyfe, and his children thre;



They that ere had welth, and wyn,  
 The harde hunger that they were in  
 Great sorowe it was to se.

In a foreste they were a whyle, 160  
 Towe myght they get none tyll,  
     Wery, and wo they were ;  
 Thre dayes were come, and gone,  
 Meate, nor drynke, founde they none,  
     The chyl dren wept so fre ;  
 They eate nothyng that came of corne,  
 But beryes, and howes of the thorne,  
     Amonge the holtes bare.  
 They came to a water by dene,  
 Ouer woulde they fayne haue bene, 170  
     Then begane theyr care :

His eldest sonne he toke theare,  
 And ouer the water dyd hym beare,  
     And set him vnder a bushe of brome ;  
 He sayde, sonne wepe no mare ;  
 Tyll I for thy brethren fare,  
     Play thee with a blome :  
 The knyght toke a pace full good,  
 And faste feryed ouer the flodd,  
     His myddle sonne he name,

*V. 169, by dene—by a valley.*

And bare hym ouer the water wilde; 180  
A lyon toke hys eldest chylde,  
Or he to the lande come.

The knyght neuer the later,  
Into the wylde water  
Turned agayne that daye;  
A leoparde came, and toke the other,  
The chylde that was the mydle brother,  
And with hym wente awaye.  
The lady cried loude, and shyll, 190  
Loth she was her lyfe to spyll,  
On lande there she laye;

The knyght bade this lady be styll,  
We shall do after Gods wyll;  
For sorowe theyr hartes were sore.  
Then both the chyldren loste were,  
Hys louely sonnes two;  
This lady was wonte to ryde in a chayre,  
On his backe, he her ouer bare,  
His yonge sonne also. 200

Thoroughe a foreste dayes thre  
They wente, towarde the quicke see,  
Wonders wery and wo:  
As they stode on the lande,  
They sawe come saylynge by the see sande,  
Thre hundred shyppes and mo.

And as they on the lande stode,  
 They loked farther in the flode,  
     Galeys they sawe come glyde;  
 With topcastels lyfte on lofte, 210  
 With streamers of sendale softe,  
     Lyke a prynce proude of pryde;

An heythen kynge was therein,  
 That christendome was come to wyn;  
     The soudan he woulde lande :  
 Vp in an hauen at the woddess ende,  
 The knyght he founde that tyde,  
     Hys Sarasyns all by hys syde.  
 Many men sawe he rene, and ryde;  
     He sayde vnto his ladye fre, 220  
 What men are these thynke ye?  
     I heare a myghty steuen:  
 Through this forest haue we gone,  
 Meate, nor drynke, found we none,  
     Of all these dayes seuen;  
 Go we, and aske them some meate,  
 If that we maye any gette,  
     For Goddes loue of heauen !

Towarde the galley gan thei gone,  
 Therin sat the sowdan, 230  
     In wedes worthely wrought ;

He asked of them lyues fode,  
 For his loue that dyed on the rode,  
 And made this worlde of nought.  
 Whan the kynge herde hym crye,  
 Southly he sayde, he is a spye,  
 That thus farre hath vs sought.  
 I byd you bete hym awaye,  
 For they beleue not on our laye,  
 Of me get they ryght nought.

240

A knyght kneled before the kynge,  
 And sayd, it is a pitifull thyng,  
 That poore penaunce to se;  
 He semeth a man so gentyll, and fre,  
 Though he be in necessitie,  
 It is ruth and pytie:  
 His eyen are gray as any glasse,  
 Were he as well fedde as euer he was,  
 Like a knight shoulde he be;  
 Hys wyfe as whyte as whales bone,  
 Though she with weping be ouergone,  
 She is as white as blosome on tre.

250

The sowdan sayde, and him bethaughte,  
 Let them before me be brought,  
 I will them se with sighte.

V. 250. See note on V. 18 of the ensuing poem of Syr Degore.

Whan he them sawe his heart was dere,  
So worthy as they both were,

That they ne were clothed arighte :  
Than dyd the sowdan to hym saye,  
Man, wilt thou beleue on my laye, 260

And with me go to fyghte ?  
Forsake thy Christendome for aye,  
And beleue on Mahoundes laye,  
And then I wyll doubbe the a knyght.

Styll stode Syr Isenbras,  
And sawe a sowdan that he was,  
Than sayde he playnly, naye;  
I shall neuer bee hethen hounde become,  
Nor warre againste Christendome,

Therefore to dye thys daye : 270  
Greate wayes we haue to gone,  
Meate, ne drynke, haue we none,  
Ne peny for to paye;  
Syr, helpe vs to to our lyues fode,  
For hys loue that dyed on rode,  
And let vs walke awaye.

The sowdan sawe the ladye there,  
He thought an aungell that she were  
That had bene in heauen ;—

He sayde, syr, sell her vnto me, 280  
And I wyll geue the golde, and fe,  
More than thou cane meane;  
I wyll geue thee an hundreth pounde,  
Of fayre florence, rede and rounde,  
And red robes seuen :  
She shal be quene of all my lande,  
And all my men to serue to her hande,  
No man withstande her steuen.

Syr Isenbras sayde, naye :  
My wyfe wyll I not sell awaye, 290  
Thy men shall fyrst me slo ;  
I wedded her as I you saye,  
To holde her to my endinge daye,  
Both in wele and in wo.  
And hundreth pound of fayre florence  
The sowdan layde in his presence,  
And set hys wyfe hym fro.  
The golde agayne Syr Isenbras caste,  
Therefore his ribes was nere hand brast,  
And made his body all blo. 300

As sone after as he myght stande,  
He toke hys sonne by the hande,  
A sorye man was he.

Than was the maner there,  
 With ores, and acres for to fare,  
 With that lady so free :  
 The sowdane, with his owne hande  
 Crouned her quene of Surrye lande,  
 And sent her ouer the see;  
 To her the crowne thus he hande,  
 My worde, he sayde, sothly shal stande,  
 Though I come neuer to thee.  
 When the shype was redy there,  
 Wyth theyr fraught awaye to fare,  
 The ladye fell on her knee;  
 Syr sowdan, she sayde thare,  
 For her loue that Jesu bare,  
 A bowne graunt ye me !

310

Geue me leue with my lorde,  
 That I might speake one worde,  
 Aboute a privie thyng:  
 The sowdan called hym agayne,  
 Therof was the lady fayne,  
 Her token was a rynge;

320

There was ioie to se them mete,  
 With kysinge, and with clypping swete;  
 To shyppe whan she was go,

V. 305. with ores and acres—to Acres?

She sayde, alas, wo is me !  
That I ne droune in the see,  
Shall we departe in two ;  
In that lande that I am in,  
If that ye come it for to wyn,  
The sowdan wyll I slo.  
Syr, ye shall be kyng with crowne,  
Ouer castell, towre, and towne,  
And recouer all your wo.

Meate and drynke she dyd hym geue,  
Therwyth a seuen nyght for to lyue,  
Hys yonge sonne, and he:  
Then this ladye meke, and mylde, 340  
Kyssed hym, and than her chylde,  
Than sowned she tymes thre.  
They drewe vp sayle of bright hew,  
The wynde them soone to Surry blew,  
The knyght hym on the lande set ;  
He syghed, and wepte, with teares great,  
Whyle he the sayle myght se,  
He toke his sonne by the hande,  
And forth he wente vpon the lande,  
Amonge the holtes hye; 350

He swarmed vp into a tree,  
Whyle eyther of them might other se,  
Tho were there hertes sore.



Meate and drynke forth he drowe,  
And gaue his yonge sonne ynowe,  
That was an hungred sore.  
In the mantell amonge the breade,  
He layed his gold that was so reade,  
And with hym he it bare.

Than he came to an hyll, full hye, 360  
There he thought all night to lye,  
Farther go he ne might;  
On the morow, whan it was daye,  
An egle hath the golde awaye,  
For the read clothes syghte.

Isenbras than awaked he,  
And folowed the fowle to the Grekes zee,  
There gan the fowle ouer flee;  
Or he returned, an vnicorne  
The yonge chylde awaye had borne, 370  
Amonge the holtes hye;

The knyghte afore was often wo,  
But neuer then he was tho,  
He set hym on a stone.  
Lorde! he sayde, wo is me;  
For my wyfe, and my chyl dren thre,  
Nowe am I lefte alone :

The kyng that bare of thorne the croune,  
Wysshe me away vnto the towne,

For all amysse haue I gone.

380

He ne wist, what he do might,

But for sorowe he sore syght,

With mournynge made his mone ;

Alone he walked by a lowe,

A fayre fyre sawe he glowe,

He prayed thē of breade for charitie !

They sayde, labour, for so do we,

We haue none other plowe ;

Tho aunswered the knyghte agayne,

Syr, so wyll I certayne.

390

Faste he bare, and faste he drowe,

They taught hym to turne the stone,

And bade hym spede that he had done ;

Than had he shame ynowe :

This man toke laboure hym vpon,

Tyll the fyrst yere was gone,

For his lyuyng wrought he so ;

By that tyme coulde he make a fyre,

And toke he mannes hyre,

For he wrought more than two.

400

V. 382. *sight*—*sighed*.

V. 391. *drowe*—*drew*.

All the longe seuen yeare,  
A smythes manne was he there,  
And yet thre monethes to;  
By that he had hym armure dyght,  
All that longed to a knyght,  
To the water with hym to go.

That seuen yeare, I vnderstande,  
The sowdan was in chrysten lande,  
Tyll they puruayed a battayll stronge,  
The Sarasyns to abyde; 410  
A daye of battayle there was set,  
Where both chrysten, and heythen met,  
A lyttell there besyde.  
In the same armure y<sup>t</sup> Isenbras wroughte,  
And on a croked caple that coles broughte,  
Hymselfe to battayll gan ryde;

He rode vnder an hyll so hye,  
Chrysten and heythen both he se,  
That the two kynges had brought.  
The hoste was arayed in royall araye, 420  
Taboures, and trumpettes herde he play,  
And launces lifte on lofte.  
Syr Isenbras with hert fre,  
Set hym doune vpon his kne,  
In Jesu was his thought,

To sende hym grace in that felde,  
That false sowdan for to yelde,  
For the wo that he hym wrought.

Syr Isenbras anone vp stode,  
Ryght eger was he of mode, 430  
Sore dintes he gaue certayne;  
It sprange as sparcle oute of flynte,  
There myght no man withstande his dynte,  
Tyll hys caple was slayne.  
Whan that he thus had fought,  
An earle out of the batayle hym broughte,  
Vpon an hygh mountayne;  
This earle then chaunged his wede,  
And set hym on a good stede,  
Than wente he fast agayne: 440

The stronge stede he gan stride,  
Into the hoaste than gan ryde,  
There delte he dentes sore.  
He felled all that before him stode,  
And those that he knocked on the hooede,  
He slewe for euermore.  
He rode vp to the hygh mountayne,  
The sowdan he had sone slayne,  
And many that with hym were.

All the daye lasted that fight, 450  
 Syr Isenbras, that noble knyght,  
 Wan the batayle there;

The christen kynge was full fayne,  
 Whan the sowdan was slayne,  
 With Sarasins great plenty.  
 He sayde, whence is that noble knyght  
 That all this folke hath slayne in syght?  
 Right fayne woulde I hym se :  
 Knyghtes kene sone he sought,  
 And at the laste he was forth brought, 460  
 Sore wounded was he.

What arte thou? sayde the kynge than;  
 Syr, quod he, a smythes man,  
 To defende thee in fyghte.  
 Thou shalte, he sayde, haue meate and drynke,  
*The beste that thou canst after think,*  
 Tyll thou haue recovered myght.  
 The kynge sware by this lyght,  
 Whan thy woundes whole be,  
 I shall thee make a knyght. 470  
 In a nonry they dyd hym leaue,  
 To heale his woundes that dyd hym greue,  
 That he had in fyght :

V. 466. In the original the greater part of this line has been cut away by the bookbinder.

The nonnes of hym were full fayne,  
 Because he had the sowdan slayne,  
 With many a heathen hounde;  
 On his sorowe they can rewe,  
 And euery day with hys salues newe,  
 To heale therwith his woundes.

They intreated hym curteously, 480  
 So he was healed lyghtly

Within a lytle stoundes.  
 He bethought hym full well,  
 That no longer he woulde there dwel,  
 When he was whole, and sounde.

He purveyed hym scrip, and pyke,  
 And made hymselfe palmer lyke,  
 Ready for to wende :  
 He toke his leaue withouten lesse,  
 Fayre thanking the prioresse, 490  
 With all the nonnes hende.

The ryght way than toke he,  
 Tyll he came to the quicke zee,  
 With scribe, and burdon blyue;  
 A shyppe founde he ready thare,  
 Into Acres for to fare;  
 Thyther can they ryue;

H

Whan they had Acres hente,  
Both wet, and wery, vp they went,  
    Into the cytye he yede.  
Seuen yeare he was palmer thore,  
With hunger, thirst, and syghing sore,  
    In Romaynes as we reede:  
Ryght as he went, euen so he laye,  
In the nyght, as on the daye,  
    In poore palmers weede.  
Although the flesh lyked yll,  
Gods wyll he woulde fulfyll,  
    For his synfull deede.

500

Through the cytye gan he gone,  
Meate, nor drynke, gate he none,  
    Nor house to lodge in:  
Besyde the borowe of Bethlem,  
He set hym by a well streme,  
    Tyll the day was dymme.  
As he sate, and sore syght,  
There came an aungell about mydnight,  
    And brought hym bread and wyne.  
Isenbras, he sayde, lysten vnto mee!  
Our Lorde hath pardon graunted to thee,  
    Forgeuen are synnes thyne:

510

520

Nowe reste the well, Syr Isenbras,  
Forgeuen is all thy trespas,  
    Shortly for to sayne;  
My Lorde is heauen kynge,  
Hath the geuen hys blessynge,  
    And byddeth the turne agayne.  
The knight on his knees hym set,  
And Christ of heauen kynge he grete,  
    Of the tydynges he was fayne.  
The aungell lefte hym then alone,  
Then wyste he not whyther to gone,  
    But walked on the playne.

530

Thre kinges landes he went thorow,  
Tyll he came to a ryche borow,  
    A fayre castle there stode:  
He herde tell there woned a quene,  
A fayre lady, bright and shyne,  
    And great worde of her yode.

Euery daye she made a dole,  
Of many florences, golde and hole,  
    Who so woulde it fetch:  
Lorde! sayde Isenbras, so free,  
Myght I one get, well were me,  
    Eyther money or meat.

540



Whan he came to the castell gate,  
Many poore falke he sawe therat,  
That were come the golde to take;  
The quene a florence to eche one toke,  
Syr Isenbras it not forsoke, 550  
But mery dyd he make.

Poore men, that myght yll go,  
She toke in fiftye, and mo,  
Whiche that feblesse were;  
And in they toke Syr Isenbras,  
Wete and wery as he was,  
On hym they rued sore;

The quene, crowned at meat satte,  
Knyghtes serued her thereat,  
In ryche robes of pall; 560  
A cloth on the floore was layde,  
This poore palmer, the stewarde sayde,  
Shall syt aboue you all.  
Ryche meat there was brought,  
Stell he sate, and eate right nought,  
But loked about the hall;  
So muche he sawe of game and gle,  
Where in he was wont to be,  
The teares he let fall.

Then to a knyght the lady gan saye,  
Fetche forth a chayre, and a quission,  
And set the poore palmer therin,

570

That he me tell maye,  
Of many auentures that he hath sene  
In dyuers landes where he hath bene,

By many a wylde waye.  
Anone the chaire was forth fet,  
The poore palmer therein was set,  
And tolde her of his laye:

Many maruels he her tolde,  
Then she him asked whether he woulde,

580

Full fayne woulde she wyt.  
Ryche meates to hym were brought,  
Then the quene great wonder thought,  
Why he woulde not eate.

She sayde to hym in great disporte,  
Syr palmer, be of good comforte,

Se nothyng that ye dreede;  
For his soule that was mi lorde,  
I will the finde at bed, and borde,  
Fayre to cloth and feede.

590

At thyne ease thou shalt be,  
With much mirth, game, and gle,  
Both early, and late;

A'clene chambre, and a fayre,  
 And a man to serue thee,  
 Within the castle gate.

Syr Isenbras, also snell,  
 On knees before that lady fell,  
 And sayde, comely quene!  
 Here vnto I graunt wele,  
 Of my pardon the halfe deale,  
 In places where I haue bene.

600

Thus the palmer dwelled there,  
 Tyll that he was hole in fere,  
 And seruyd in the hall;  
 He was so fayre, and hye,  
 That other had at hym enuye,  
 And strong he was withall.  
 A turnement there was byd;  
 They horsed hym on a fayre stede,  
 And he conquered them all;  
 Certaynely, as I you saye  
 Many a Sarosyne he slew that daye,  
 Vnder the castle walle.

610

When that he came to the felde,  
 None was so bolde vnder shyelde,  
 That durst abyde his strength:

*V. 605. hole in fere—restored to health.*

Some he gaue suche a stroke certayne,  
That neuer *them came to lyfe* agayne :

620

Other some he made sore blede,  
Some he caste ouer the lake,  
Of some both necke, and backe, he brake;  
They fled from hym for drede.  
The ladye seyng that, fast lough,  
And sayde, my palmer is strong ynough,  
And worthy for to ryde.

So it befell vpon a daye,  
Syr Isenbras wente hym to playe,

630

As it was his kynde.  
In heron's neste he sawe on hye,  
A redde clothe therein he se,  
Meuing with the wynde;  
Vp to the tree he canne wynne,  
Hys owne mantell he founde therein,  
Hys golde there can he fynde.  
When he se the reade golde,  
Wherfore hys ladye was solde,  
Then was he woode of mynde;

The golde into the chambre he bare,  
Vnder his heade he putte it there,  
Then wepyng he went awaye.

640

V. 620. Great part of this line being cut away by the binder,  
the words in italics are conjectural.

Euer when he the golde can se,  
Hys songe was, well awaye !  
Were he neuer of chere so good,  
Whan he in hys chamber yode,  
After he wepte all the daye.  
So longe he ledde there hys lyfe,  
Amonge hys Sarasyns that were ryfe,  
Then to the quene they can saye.

650

So on a daye it fell ryght,  
Vnto hys chaumber wente this knyght,  
Sore wepinge as I wene:  
Foure knightes brake the chamber dore,  
And founde the golde in the store,  
And tolde it to the quene.

Befyre the quene the golde was broughte,  
For whiche the sowdan her bought,  
Of Syr Isenbras.

Though it against hys wyll were,  
The sendale also sawe she there,  
That her lordes was.

660

When she the sendale sawe with sight,  
Thrise sowned that lady bryght,  
For she before it had sene.

V. 657. *befyre*—*before*.

Often she syghed, and sayde, alas !  
This ought a knyght Syr Isenbras,  
That my lorde was wont to be.

Vnto the knyght there she tolde,  
How that she for golde was solde,  
Her lorde was beaten there ;  
Where ye maye the palmer se,  
Byd hym come, and speke with me,  
Therto me longeth sore.

670

The palmer came into the hall,  
Vnto counsell she dyd hym call,  
And asked hym right there,  
How that he the golde wan,  
And whether he were a gentelman,  
And in what countre he was borne ?  
With carfull harte, and rewoffull cheare,  
He gaue the quene this aunswere,  
On knees her before ;

680

The first tale that he her tolde,  
Madame, therfore my wyfe was solde,  
I do you to vnderstande :  
Thre chyl dren haue I lore,  
My mantell was awaye bore,  
I in a neste it founde.

Tho had the lady great solace, 690  
She fell in sownyng, so faynt she was,  
When they together met.

There was myrth to se them mete,  
With clypping, and kissing swete,  
In armes for to folde :

Eyther of other was so fayne,  
They wolde it no longer layne,

To the knyghtes they it tolde.  
A ryche brydale dyd they byd,  
Bothe riche, and poore, thyther yede, 700  
Woulde none themselfe with holde.

Syr Isenbras was rayed ryght,  
And crouned kyng that erre was knyght  
With a gaye garlande of golde :

Than was kynge Syr Isenbras,  
Of more welth than euer he was,  
Thre landes had he there :

His christendome he can kyth,  
And sent sondes frely syth,  
To them that heathen were. 710

The heathen were at one assente,  
Who that to his counsayl went,  
Them to hange or brenne :

They sayde, that what man to hym wente,  
 Shoulde thynke his waye yll be spente,  
 None woulde come to hym than.

A daye of battayle there was set,  
 Where both christen, and heathen met,

Syr Isenbras to slo :  
 After Sarasins gan they sende, 720  
 Theyr cursed lawes for to defende;  
 There came heathen kynges two.  
 Syr Isenbras made hym yare,  
 Agaynst the Sarasyns for to fare;  
 With hym there was no mo.  
 When he was armed on his stede,  
 Hys folke hym fayled at his nede  
 And fast fled hym fro.

Syr Isenbras curtoyse, and kene,  
 Toke hys leaue of hys quene, 730  
 And after syghed full sore;  
 He loked on her with eyen graye,  
 And sayd, Madame, haue good daye,  
 For now and euermore.  
 The ladye sayd vnto the knight,  
 I woulde I were in armoure bright,  
 With you that I myght fare;



If God woulde the grace sende,  
That we myght together wende,  
Then gone were all my care.

740

Sone was the lady dyghte,  
In armure, as she were a knyghte,  
On horse, with speare and shyelde;  
Agaynst thyrty thousand Sarasins, and mo,  
Of christen came but they two,  
Alone into the fyelde.

He sawe them semble, as I you saye,  
With brandes bright, and banners gaye;

He holted, and behelde  
That cursed people, false of faye,  
Towarde hym made great araye,  
With weapon and with shyelde;

750

And he houed on a hyll;  
Bugles blaste, and trumpettes shyll,  
And herauldes herd he shoute :  
They sayde, traytour stande thou styll,  
Coward knight we shall the kyll,  
Thou mayest well drede for dout.

V. 749. *holted*—stopped?

Quod Isenbras, I make a vowe,  
Vnto my lorde swete Jesu, 760

I shall not fele this fyght;  
Whyle I maye in styrope stande,  
With healme on head, and speare in hande,  
With bronde that is so bright.

The ladye swore by Mary mylde,  
Againste the Sarasins that were so wylde,

She woulde do her myghte;  
This daye to battayle wyll I feare,  
Helme on head with shyelde and speare;  
So comforted she that knight. 770

Syr Isenbras his course toke with delyte,  
And about hym fiercely can smyte,

As a waryour wood, and wyght;  
Some theyr heades he dyd of smyte.

¶ The sowdan was out of his wyt,  
When he sawe that syght;

Through the hoste then let he crye,  
What man might with mastrie,

To grounde him fell doune,  
He shoulde him geue hys landes truly, 780  
Fro Jaffa to Alexandrie,

Both citie, towre, and towne.

V. 761. *fele—dread?*    V. 768. *fearo—fare?* go.

Of all the whole sowdans hoste,  
 Was there none that durst make boaste,  
     Battayle hym to byd;  
 They gaue the sowdan counsell all,  
 Thy hole hoste at once let on hym fall,  
     And strike hym doun, and hys stede.

The sowdan did therto assente :  
 With battes, and with bowes bente, 790  
     They faste at him can laye ;  
 Syr Isenbras good liuerie lent,  
 The quene a swerde in her hand hent,  
     And dealte her dole that daye :

That daye that ladye, and the knyght,  
 Agaynst the sodan helde stronge fyght,  
     Through grace that God them sente :  
 Of freshe Sarasins there came a route,  
 That beset the knyght aboute,  
     With shaftes, and bowes bente; 800

Ryght as they slayne shoulde haue be,  
 There came rydyng kynges thre,  
     On beastes that were wylde :  
 One on a leoparde, and one on a vnicorne,  
 And one a lion one ranne beforne,  
     Theyr eldest sonne to bears.

The knyghtes fought as they were wode,  
And slewe all that before them stode,

Great wonder it is to se.

The heathen knyghtes slewe the there,

810

The Sarasyns that counted were,

Thurtye thousand and thre.

Syr Isenbras them prayed thare,

That they wolde with hym fare,

All nyght with hym to be.

Father! they sayde, with milde entente,

The grace of God vs hether sente;

Thyne owne sonnes we be:

We ne wyst howe we hyther came,

But for to saue you fro shame,

820

As Goddes wyll was:

Ye be our mother that vs bare,

And ye oure father sothly are,

Men call you Syr Isenbras.

They sayde, make we ioyfull cheare,

To our chyldren that we se here,

Our welth beginneth to walke.

In a chamber fayre, and bright,

Their atyre was comely dighte,

In many a worthy wede:

830

They lacked no maner of thyng,

Golde, syluer, nor ryche clothinge,

They had all thyng at nede.

Thre lands after they dyd wyn,  
And christened all that was therein,  
In Romainys as we rede.

Than was kynge Syr Isenbras,  
Of more welth than euer he was,  
And come out of his care :  
To euery sonne he gaue a lande,  
And crowned hym kynge with his hande,  
Whyle they together were.

840

The eldest sonne was in Surrye  
Chosen chyefe of chyualrye,  
As kynge and gouernoure :  
The seconde sonne, shortly to saye,  
In an ile called Jaffaye  
Reygned with great honour :

The yongest brother was crowned kynge  
Of Calabre, without leasyng,  
Thus reygned they all thre.  
And when it pleased God of hys myght,  
They all departed in heauens lyght,  
To the whiche bryng vs the trinitie,  
Amen, Amen, for charitie !

850

FINIS.

① Romanen. (II.)  
p. Degre, Sir.

**Syr Degore.**  
From Hawick Col.  
of Old Pizzen.

"*Syr Degore*" was certainly of French origin, the name being, if correctly spelt, *D'Egare*, or, *l'Egare*, a person almost lost. l. 230. In the poem, however, it is occasionally used as two syllables, so as to rhyme with 'before.'

Both Warton and Ellis admit its high antiquity, as they concur in assigning its probable date to the beginning of the 14th century. In fact, the narrative itself affords some internal evidence of the period when it was composed, by speaking (at l. 703.) of the "*shone crooked as a knichte.*" The crooked or horned shoe was introduced in the reign of Wm. Rufus, and appears then to have been confined to the gentry. Strutt however supposes that this fashion did not long keep its ground; but, he says, it was afterwards revived, and even carried to a more preposterous extent than before. He is however of opinion that the long piked shoes were not worn later than the beginning or middle of the 15th century.

There are two printed copies of this romance known to be in existence: one is in the Bodleian library, 4to. Selden C. 39. The title is over a wood cut of a knight on horseback at full gallop; beneath is the date MDLX. It was printed by John King. The other (from which this reprint is taken) is in the Garrick collection of old plays, in the Brit. Museum, and was printed by Copland, in 4to. with-

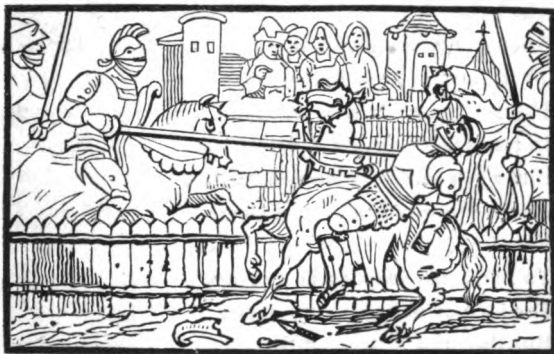
out date. In the title-page is a wood-cut, of which the vignette here given is a reduced fac-simile, and which was frequently used by the Coplands: it occurs in the history of Arthur and his Knights, printed by W. Copland in 1557. A wood cut, so similar to this as scarcely to be distinguished from it, is also to be found in the old French romance of Theseus de Coulogne, folio, Paris, 1534.

A MS. copy of this poem is in the public library at Cambridge, 600 § 29. Another is in the Auchinleck MS. in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh; and a third in Bishop Percy's folio MS. which is now, I am informed, in the possession of Mr. Isted, of Northamptonshire.





**Syr Degore.**



**LORDINGES**, and you wyl holde you styl  
A gentyl tale tel you I wyll,  
Of knyghtes of this countre,  
That hath trauayled beyonde y<sup>e</sup> see,  
To seke aduentures bothe nyght, and day,  
And howe they myght their strength assay,  
As dyd a knyght, his name was Syr Degore,  
One of the best that was founde hym before.

Sume tyme in England there was a kyng,  
 A noble man of maners in all thyng,  
 Stout in armes, and vnder shelde,  
 Full muche douted in batayle, and felde,  
 Ther was no man then verament  
 That with him iusted in turnemente,

That out of his styrope might bryng his fote,  
 He was so stronge without doute :  
 The kynge had no children but one,  
 A doughter as whight as whales bone;  
 That mayden he loued as his lyfe;  
 Her mother was deed, the quene his wyfe;      20  
 In trauayle of chylde she dyed alas !  
 But when that mayden of age was,  
 Kynges sonnes her wowed then,.  
 Emperours, dukes, and other men,  
 To haue that mayden in maryage,  
 For loue of her great herytage :  
 But then the kynge did them answer,  
 That no man shoulde wedde her,  
 But that if he myght with stout iusting  
 The kynge out of his sadel brynge,      30  
 And done hym lese his styroppes two :  
 Many assayed; and myght naught do.  
 Euery yere as ryght it wolde,  
 A great feaste wolde he holde,  
 Vpon his quenes mornynge day,  
 That was buryed in an abbay.

V. 18. *whight as whalesbone*.—This simile, which is very common in the old romances, does not refer to the fish which it particularizes, and of which the bones are black; but to the ivory of the horn or tooth of the sea-unicorn.

V. 23. *wowed—wooded*.

So on a daye the kynge wolde ride,  
To an abay there beside,  
To do diriges, and masses bothe,  
The pore to fede, and the naked to clothe: 40  
His owne doughter with him rode,  
And in the forest styll she abode;  
She called her chamberlaine her to,  
And other maydens she dyd also,  
And sayde, adowne she must alyght,  
Better her clothes to amend and ryght.  
Adowne they bene a lyght all thre,  
Her damosels, and so dyd she.  
A full longe stounde there she abode,  
Tel all the meyny from her rode, 50  
They gate vp, and after they wolde,  
But they could not y<sup>e</sup> ryght way holde;  
The wodde was rough, and thicke, Iwis,  
And they toke theyr way all amysse;  
They rode south, they rode west,  
Into the thicke of that forest,  
And into a lande they came at the laste,  
Then weried they wonder faste.  
Then wyst they well amisse they had gone,  
And adowne they lyght euerichone, 60  
And they called all in fere,  
But there might no man them heare.  
The wether was hote before the none,  
They wyst not what was best to done,

But layd them downe vpon the grene,  
Some fell on slepe as I wene.  
Thus they fell on slepe euerychone,  
Sauyng the kynges doughter alone;  
She went aboute, and gathered flowres,  
And to here the songe of smale foules. 70  
So longe she dyd forth pas,  
That she wist neuer where she was;  
The waye to her damosels she wolde haue nome,  
But she wyst neuer howe to come.  
Then gan she crye wonder sore;  
She wept, and wronge her handes thore,  
And sayd alas! that I was bore,  
For well I wote I am forlore :  
For wylde bestes wyll me rynde,  
Or any man may me fynde. 80  
And then she saw a ioyful syght :  
To her came pricking a fayre knight;  
Full well he semed a gentyl man,  
And riche clothes him vpon,  
Wel farynge both of fote, and hand,  
There was none suche in that land,  
So stought a man than was he :  
He sayde, Madame, God you se,  
Be ye not adred of me right nought,  
I haue none armes w<sup>th</sup> me brought; 90  
I haue the loued this many a yere,  
And now I haue founde you here,

Thou shalt be my lemman, or I go,  
Whether it tourne to wele or wo.  
No more to do then coulde she,  
But wept, and cryed, and could not flye;  
Anone he began her to beholde,  
And dyd with her what he wolde,  
And beraft her mayned hode,  
And than before the ladye he stode. 100  
He sayd, Madame, gentyl, and fre,  
With chyld I wot well that ye be;  
Wel I wot it shalbe a knaue,  
Therfore my swearde he shall haue;  
My good swerde of ameaunt,  
For therwith I slewe a gyaunt:  
I brake the poynt in his head,  
And in the felde I it leued;  
Dame, take it vp, lo it is here,  
For thou spekest not with me this many a yere: 110  
And yet perauenture tyme may come  
That I maye speke with my sonne;  
And by this sworde, I maye him ken.  
He kyssed his loue, and went then:  
The knight passed as he come;  
All weping the lady the swerde vp nome;  
She went awaye sore wepinge,  
And founde her maydens slepinge;  
She hed the swerd as she myght,  
And called them vp anone ryght, 120

V. 119. *hed*—*hid*.

And toke theyr horses euerychone,  
And begane to ryde forth anone:  
And then there came at the laste,  
Many a knyght pryckinge faste,  
Fro the kynge they were sent  
To wete wyther they went.  
They brought them into the hye waye,  
And rode in feare to that abbay;  
There was done servis, and al thyng,  
With many a masse and ryche offering ; 130  
And when servyce was all done,  
And gan to passe the hye none,  
The kynge vnto his palais gan ryde,  
And muche people by his syde.  
When euery man was glad, and blythe,  
The lady sowned many a syth.  
Her bely waxed more, and more,  
She wepte, ād wronge her handes sore ;  
So vpon a daye she gane sore wepe,  
A mayden of hers tooke good kepe, 140  
And sayd, Madame, for charyte !  
Why ye do wepe ? ye wyll tell me.  
Mayden, and I tell the before,  
And ye me wray, I were but lore ;  
For I haue bene euer meke, and mylde,  
And truly now I am with chylde :  
And yf any man it vnder yede,  
Euery man wolde tel in euery stede,

That my father on me it wan,  
For I loued neuer other man. 150  
And if my father it may wete,  
Such sorowe his hert may gette,  
That he shall neuer mery man be,  
For all his ioye is layde on me.  
And tolde the damesell all in fere,  
Howe the childe was begotten on her :—  
Nowe gentyl ladye greue you noughte,  
For styll it shall be forth brought,  
Shall no man it wete certaynly,  
Trewly madame but you and I. 160

Tyme was come, she was vnbounde,  
And deliuered both hole and sounde ;  
A man childe there was bore,  
Glad was the ladye therfore :  
The mayden serued her at her wyll,  
And layde the chylde in the cradyll ;  
She wrapped hym in clothes anone ;  
And was all readie for to haue gone,  
Yet was the childe vnto the mother hold ;  
She gaue it twentye pound in golde, 170  
And ten pounce in syluer also,  
Vnder hys head she can it do,  
Muche it is that a chylde behoues :  
She put with him a payre of gloues,  
Her leman gaue her them in a stonde,  
They wold els on no womans hande,



On chylde, neither womans they nolde,  
But on his mothers handes they wolde :  
And bad the chylde no wyfe wed in lande,  
But the gloues wolde on her hande ; 180  
For they might serue no where,  
Saue the mother that dyd hym beare.  
A letter with the chylde put she,  
With the gloues also perde ;  
She knyt the letter with a threde  
About his necke, a full good spede ;  
Then was in the letter wrytte,  
Who so it founde shulde it wytte,  
For Christes loue, if anye good man,  
This wofull chylde fynde can ; 190  
Do hym be christened of priestes hande,  
And to helpe hym to lyue in lande,  
With this syluer that is here,  
Tyll he may armes bere,  
And helpe hym with his owne good,  
For he is come of gentyll blood.

And when she had thus done,  
The mayden toke her leue ryght sone,  
With the chylde in the cradell, and all thyng,  
She stale awaye in the euenynge, 200  
And went her way, and wist not where,  
Through thicke, and thyn, in the brere :  
She went all the wynter nyght,  
By shyning of the mone light ;

Then was she redely ware anone  
Of an hermitage made of stone :  
An holy man had there his dwellynge,  
And thither she went without lesyng,  
And set the cradel at the dore,  
For she durst dwel no longer thore, 210  
But turned agayne anone ryght,  
And came agayne the same nyght.  
The hermite rose on the morowe,  
And eke his knaue also :  
Lord, he sayde, I cry thee mercy,  
For nowe I here a yonge chylde crye.  
This holy man his dore vntyde,  
And found the cradell in that stede;  
He lyft vp the shete anone,  
And loked vpon the lytle grome; 220  
Than helde he vp his ryght honde,  
And thanked Jesus Christ of his sonde.  
He bare the childe into the chapel,  
For joye of him he rong the bel :  
And layed vp the gloues, and the treasure,  
And christened the childe with great honour :  
And in the worshipe of the trinite,  
He called the chilles name, Degore :  
For Degore to vnderstande, it is  
But thyng that almost is lost, iwys; 230  
As thinge that almoste ago,  
Therefore he called that chylde-so.

The heremite was an holy man of lyfe,  
 He had a syster that was a wyfe;  
 He sent the chylde to her full rathe,  
 With much mony by his knaue,  
 And bade, he shuld take good hede,  
 The chylde to nouryshe and fede.  
 And this littel chylde Degore,  
 Vnto that citie was I bore. 240  
 The good man and his wife in fere  
 The chylde they kepthe as it theyr owne were,  
 Tyll it was x. winter olde:  
 He waxed a fayre chylde, and a bolde,  
 Wel taught, fayre, and kynde,  
 Ther was none suche in all that ende.  
 What tyme that x. yere was come, and spēt,  
 Vnto the heremyte they him sente;  
 The heremyte longed hym for to se;  
 Then was he a fayre chylde and fre. 250  
 He taught the childe of clerkes lore,  
 Other x. winter withouten more;  
 And whan he was of xx. yere,  
 He was a manne of greate powere:  
 There was no yonge man in that lande,  
 That myght stande a brayde of his hande.  
 And when the heremite that did se,  
 That the man so stronge wold be,

V. 240. *I bore—yborne; carried.*

A stalworth man in any werke,  
 And of his tyme, a well good clerke; 260  
 He toke his florence, and his gloues,  
 That he had kept from him in his house,  
 But his x. pound that was sterlinge,  
 Was spent about the childes keping :  
 The heremite toke him his letter to rede,  
 He loked therin the same stede :  
 Syr, he sayd, by saynt charyte,  
 Was this letter made by me ?  
 Ye sonne, by him that me deme shall,  
 Thus I founde thee; and tolde him all. 270  
 He set him downe on knees full blythe,  
 And thanked the hermite man sithe;  
 And sayd, he wold not rest in londe,  
 Tyll the time he had his father founde.  
 He gaue the hermite halfe his golde,  
 And the remnaunt vp he folde;  
 He toke his leue, and fayne wold go;  
 The hermite sayd he shuld not so,  
 To seke thy kynne thou mayst not endure  
 Without good horse, and good armure. 280

¶ **Howe Syr Degore fought with a dragon in a forest,  
and slewe hym.**

Syr Heremite, he sayd, in dede,  
 I wyll haue no other wede,  
 But a batte in my hande,  
 Myne enemyes therwith to withstād ;  
 A full good sapelynge of an oke,  
 On whome he set therwith a stroke,  
 Were he neuer so tall a man,  
 Nor yet so good armure him vpon,  
 He wold him fell to the grounde,  
 With that same bat in that stounde. 290  
 The childe kissed the heremite tho,  
 And toke his leue for to go.  
 Degore went forth his waye,  
 Through a forest halfe a daye;  
 He herd no man, nor sawe none,  
 Tyll it past the hygh none;  
 Then herde he great strokes fall,  
 That made great noyse with all.  
 Full sone he thought that to se,  
 To wete what the strokes might be. 300  
 There was an erle both stout, and gaye,  
 He was come thyther the same daye,  
 For to hunt for a dere or a do,  
 But his houndes were gone hym fro :

Then was there a dragon great, and grymme,  
Full of fyre, and also venymme,  
Wyth a wyde throte, and tuskes greate,  
Vpon that knight faste gan he bete.  
And as a lyon then was hys feete,  
Hys tayle was longe, and full vnmete; 310  
Betwene hys head, and his tayle,  
Was xxii. fote withouten fayle;  
His body was lyke a wyne tonne,  
He shone full bryght, agaynste the sonne;  
His eyen were bright as any glasse,  
His scales were harde as any brasse,  
And therto he was necked lyke a horse;  
He bare his head vp with great force:  
The breth of his mouth that dyd out blowe,  
As it had bene a fyre on lowe: 320  
He was to loke on as I you tell,  
As it had bene a fiende of hell.  
Many a man he had shent,  
And many a horse he had rente,  
And to that earle harde batayle began,  
But he defended him like a man,  
And boldely smote hym with his swerde,  
But of all his strokes he was not aferde.  
His skynne was harde as any stone,  
Wherfore he might hym no harme done; 330  
And when the erle Syr Degore se,  
Helpe syr, he sayd, for saynt charite !

'And then answered Syr Degore,  
Full gladly syr, and God before.  
When the dragon of Degore had a sight,  
He left the earle, and came to hym right;  
And the chylde that was so stronge,  
Toke his staffe that was so longe,  
And smote the dragone so on y<sup>e</sup> crowne,  
That in that wodde he fell downe. 340  
And then that dragon anone ryght  
Smote the chylde with suche myghte,  
Wyth his tayle vpon the ryght syde,  
That he fell downe in that tyde :  
And he sterte vp anone full ryght,  
And defended him with muche myght,  
With that staffe that was so longe,  
He brake of hym both fote and bone,  
That it was wonder for to se,  
He was so tough he myght not dye. 350  
With hys staffe that was so stronge  
Tyll Degore one stroke at hym flonge;  
He smote him on the crowne so hye,  
That he made his braynes out flye;  
And then the erle was glad, and blythe,  
And thanked Degore many sythe,  
And prayed him, he wolde with him ride,  
Vnto his palays there besyde.  
And there he made hym a knyght,  
And made him good chere that nyght; 360

Rentes, treasure, and halfe his lande,  
He wolde haue seased into his hande.

Syr Degore thanked hym truely,  
And prayed him of his curtesye,  
To let his ladyes to fore hym come,  
Wyues, maydens, more, and some,  
And also your doughter eke;

And yf my gloues byn for them mete,

Or wyll vpon any of theyr handes,

Then wolde I fayne take my landes;

370

And yf my gloues wyl not so,

Then wyll I take my leaue and go.

All the women were out brought,

That there about myght be sought;

All they assayed the gloues than,

But they were mete for no woman.

Syr Degore toke vp his gloues anone,

And also toke leaue for to gone.

The earle was a lorde of gentyll bloud;

He gaue Syre Degore a stede full good,

380

And thereto he gaue hym good armure,

That whiche was bothe fayre and sure,

And also a page his man to be,

And an hakney to ryde on truely.

Syr Degore was glade, and blyth,

And thanked the erle many a sythe.

He rode forth vpon his waye,

Many a myle vpon sommers daye.



Vpon a daye muche people he met,  
 He houed style, and fayre them grete, 390  
 And asked a squyre what tidynge,  
 And fro whence came all that folke rydynge?  
 The squyre sayd, Syr, verament  
 They come from the parlyament;  
 Fro a counsaile the kynge dyd make,  
 The which is fer his doughters sake :  
 But when the parlyament was most plener  
 The kynge let cry both farre, and nere,  
 If any man were so bolde,  
 That with the kynge juste wolde, 400  
 He shulde haue his doughter in maryage,  
 And his lande and his herytage:—  
 It is a lande bothe good, and fayre,  
 And the kynge therto had none heyre,  
 But certes there dare no man graunt therto,  
 Many one sayd the might not do;  
 For euery man that rydeth to hym,  
 He beteth them with strokes grym;  
 Some he breketh the necke anone;  
 Of some he craketh both backe, and bone; 410  
 Some through the body he glytte;  
 And some to death he smytte :  
 And to hym may no man do nothinge,  
 Suche a grace euer had our kynge.

V. 390. *houed style—stopped still.*

Syr Degore stode in a studye than,  
And thought he was a doughtie man:  
And I am in my yonge bloud,  
And I haue horse, and armure good,  
And as I trowe a full good steede;  
I wyll assaye if I maye spede, 420  
And I may beare the kinge downe,  
I maye be a man of great renowne.  
And if that he me fel can,  
There knoweth no body what I am;  
Death, or lyfe, what so betide,  
I wyll once against hym ryde.

Thus in the citie hys ynnne he takes,  
And rested him, and merye makes.  
So vpon a daye the kynge he met,  
He kneled downe, and fayre hym grete, 430  
He sayd, Sir Kyng of muche myght,  
My lord hath sent me to you right,  
To warne you howe it shall be:  
My lorde wyll come, and fight with the:  
To iust with the my lorde hath nome.  
The kynge saide he shall be welcome,  
Be he knyght, or barowne,  
Erle, duke, or churle in towne;  
There is no man I wyll forsake,  
Who all maye wyne, all maie take. 440

**Howe Syr Degore justed with the Kyng of England,  
and smote hym downe.**

So on the morowe the daye was set,  
 The kyng auysed much the bet:  
 But then there was no lyuyng man,  
 That Degore trusted muche vpon;  
 But to church that tyme went he,  
 To heare a masse of the Trinite.  
 To the Father he offred a floryne,  
 And to the Sonne another fyne,  
 The thirde to the Holy Ghost he offred,  
 The preest in his masse, for him he prayed. 450  
 And whan the masse was done,  
 Vnto his ynne he went anone.  
 He dyd arme hym well in dede,  
 In ryche armure good at nede;  
 His good stede he began to stryde,  
 And toke his spere, and forth dyd ryde.  
 His knaue toke another spere,  
 And after his mayster he gan it bare.  
 Thus in the felde Syr Degore abode than;  
 The kyng came with manye a man. 400  
 Manye came thither redelye,  
 To se the iustinge trulye.  
 All that in the fylde were,  
 They sayde, and did swere,

That they neuer or that tyme se,  
 So fayre a man with their eye  
 As was y<sup>e</sup> yonge knyght Syr Degore;  
 But none wist what man was he.  
 They rode togyther at the last,  
 On their good stedes full faste; 470  
 The kynge had the greater shafte,  
 And more he coude of that crafte.  
 To dashe him downe then he mente,  
 And in his shilde sat suche a dente  
 That hys good spere all to braste;  
 But Degore was stronge, and sate faste.  
 Then sayd the kynge, alas, alas !  
 For me befell neuer suche a case :  
 There was neuer a man that I might hit,  
 That euer might my stroke sit. 480  
 This is a man all for the nones,  
 For he is a man of great bones.  
 Then toke the kyng a greater tre,  
 And square also mote I the,  
 And if his necke wyll not a two  
 His backe shall or that I go.  
 The kynge rode to hym with great randowne,  
 And thought to haue dasshed the childe downe :  
 He smote Syr Degore sone anone,  
 Right before the breste bone, 490

V. 484. *square—swarc?*

That his horse was rered on hye,  
 And Syr Degore was fallen nye.  
 Syr Degore thus his course out yode,  
 He was so angry in his mode;  
 Alas! he sayd, I haue myssed yet,  
 And he hath me twyse hyt,  
 And neuer ones with him I mette;  
 By God I shall auyse bette.  
 They rode together with great might,  
 In their shyeldes their speares pight; 500  
 In their shields their speares all to broke,  
 Vnto theyr handes with the stroke.  
 And then the kynge began to speake,  
 Gyue me a speare that wyll not breke;  
 For he shall anone be smitten downe,  
 Though he be as stronge as was Sampson.  
 And if he be the deuyll of hell,  
 I shall him soone downe fell.  
 The kynge toke a speare styffe, and stronge,  
 And Degore toke anether good, and longe: 510  
 And stoutlye to the kynge he smytte,  
 The kinge fayled, and Degore hym hyt;  
 And Syr Degore so him bete,  
 That he made the kinges horse turne vp his fet.  
 Boldely he rode vp than,  
 And semed a full goodly man:

V. 498. *auyse bette*—manage better.

The kynge was out of his sadel cast,  
Wherof his doughter was sore agast.  
Then was there mucche noyse, and cry,  
The kynge was sore ashamed for thy. 520  
Well I wote his doughter was sory,  
For then she wüst redely,  
That she shulde maryed be,  
To a man of a straunge countre,  
And lede her lyfe with such a one,  
That she wüst neuer fro whence he come.  
The kynge sayde to Syr Degore,  
Come hyther fayre sonne me before;  
And thou were as gentyl a man,  
As thou semest to loke vpon, 530  
And thou coude witte, and reason do,  
As thou arte doughty man to,  
I wold thyncke my lande well besete,  
And if it were fiue tymes bette;  
For worde spoken I must nedes holde,  
Before my barons that be so bolde.  
I take the my doughter by the hande,  
And cesse thee in all my lande,  
To be myne heyre after me,  
In ioye, and blysse for to be. 540

V. 534. *bette*—*better*.

¶ Howe Syr Degore wedded his mother, the Kyniges  
doughter of England, and how she knewe that he  
was her sonne by the gloues.

Greate ordynaunce was there wrought;  
To the churche dore were they brought,  
And were there wedded verament,  
Vnto the holye sacramente.  
Looke what foly happened there,  
That he shuld wed his owne mother;  
The whiche had borne hym on her syde,  
And yet he knewe nothyng that tyde.  
He knewe nothyng of her kynne,  
Nor she knewe nothyng of hym; 550  
And both together ordeyned to bed,  
Yet paraduenture they may be sybbe.  
Thus dyd Syr Degore the bolde,  
He wedded his mother, to haue, and to holde:  
But yet he let them not synne in fere.

It passed on the hye tyme of none,  
And the daye was nere hand donne.  
To bed was brought both he, and she,  
With great myrth, and solempnitie:  
Syr Degore stode, and beheld than, 560  
And thought on the heremite the holy man,  
That he sholde neuer for thy  
Wedde no wydowe, nor ladye,

But yf she myght the gloues two  
 Lyghtlye vpon her handes do.  
 Alas ! then sayde Syr Degore,  
 The tyme that euer I was borne ;  
 And sayd anone, with heuy chere,  
 Me had leuer than all my kyngdome here,  
 That nowe is seased into my hande, 570  
 That I were fayre out of this lande !  
 The kynge these wordes harde tho,  
 And sayd, dere sonne why sayest thou so ?  
 Is there ought agaynst thy wyll  
 Eyther done, or sayde, that doth the yll,  
 Or any thyng that is mysdone ?  
 Tell me, and it shall be amended sone.  
 Nay lorde, he sayde then,  
 But for all the maryage that done hath bene,  
 I wyll not with no woman mell, 580  
 Wyfe, wyddow, nor damosell,  
 But yf she myght these gloues do  
 Lightlye vpon her handes two.  
 And when the lady gan this here,  
 Anone she chaunged all her chère,  
 And all together tourned her mode,  
 Her vysage waxed reed as any bloude :  
 She knewe that the gloues longed to her,  
 And sayd, Geue me the gloues, fayre syr ;  
 She toke the gloues in that stede, 590  
 And lyghtly vpon her handes them did.



She fell downe, and began to crye;  
And sayd, Lorde God I aske mercy!  
I am thy mother that dyd thee bere,  
And thou arte myne owne sonne dere.  
Syr Degore full soone tho,  
Toke her vp in his armes two.  
Then were they glad, and blithe;  
They kessed together many a sythe.  
The kynge of them had greate meruaile, 600  
Of the noyse they made, withoute faile,  
And was abashed of theyr weping,  
And saide, Doughter, what is this thyng?  
Father, she sayde, wyll ye it here?  
Ye wene that I a mayden were;  
Nay trulye, father, I am none,  
For it is xx. wynter agone,  
This is my soone, God it knowe,  
And by these gloues se it looe.  
She tolde hym all together there, 610  
Howe he was begotted on her.  
Then spake Syr Degore,  
Swete mother, then sayde he,  
Where is my father wonninge,  
And when herd ye of hym tydyng?  
Sonne, she sayde, by heauen kynge,  
I can tell of hym no tydinge:  
But when thy father fro me wente,  
A pointlesse swerde he me lente,

And charged me to kepe it than, 620  
Tyll the tyme thou were a man.  
She fet the sworde full swithe,  
And Sir Degore it out swythe.  
Longe, and broade it was, perdie,  
There was none suche in that countrey.  
Truelie, sayde Syr Degore than,  
Woso it owed he was a man :  
Nowe God of heauen he me kepe,  
Nyght, nor daye, I well not slepe,  
Tyl the tyme I may my father se, 630  
In christendome yf that he be.  
He made him mery that ylke nyght;  
On the morowe when it was day light,  
He went to churche to heare a masse,  
And made hym redi for to passe.  
Then sayd the kynge, my next kinne,  
I wyl gyue the knyghtes with the to wyne.  
Syr, he sayd, grammercye than,  
Wyth me shall go no other man,  
But my knaue that may take hede, 640  
To myne armure, and to my stede.  
He lept on horse the south to say,  
And rode forth on his iurnay :  
Many a miles, and manye a waye,  
He rode forth on his palfray,

And euermore he rode west,  
Tyll they came to a forest.  
Wylde beestes there went hym by,  
And foules songe there ful merely.  
So longe they rode tyll it drewe to nyght, 650  
The sonne went down, and fayled lyght;  
Vnto some towne fayne wold he ride,  
But there was none one neyther syde.  
Sone after he found a castell clere,  
A lady trewly wonned there :  
A fayre castell of lyme, and stone,  
But other towne there was none.  
Degore sayde to his knaue that tyde;  
Wyll we to that castell ryde,  
And all nyght abyde wyll we, 660  
And aske lodgyng for charyte.  
The drawbridge was vndrawne tho,  
And the gate stode open also;  
Vnto the castel they gan theym spede,  
And fyrst he stabled up his stede;  
And then he set vp his hackeney,  
Inoughe they founde of corne and hey.  
He went aboute, and gan to cal,  
Bothe in the court and eke in the hal,  
Neyther for loue, nor yet for awe, 670  
Lyuinge man none there they sawe.  
And in the middes of the hall stoure  
There was a great fyre in that houre;

Then sayd his man leaue syre,  
I haue wonder who made thys fyre;  
If he wyll come agayne thys nyght,  
I wyll hym abyde as I am a knyght.  
He set him downe vpon the dease,  
And made him wel at ease.

Then was he ware sone of one, 680  
That in at the dore he gan gone,  
And three maydens, fayre and free,  
That were trussed vp to the kne.  
A twayne of them bowes dyd bere,  
And two of them charged were,  
With venison, that was full good.

Then Syr Degore vp stode,  
And blessed them anone ryght :  
But they spake not to the knyght,  
But went into the chambre anone, 690  
And shytted the dore full sone.

And anone after, therewith all  
There came a dwarfe into the hall ;  
Foure foote was the lenght of hym,  
His vysage was both great, and grymme ;  
And the heere that on his heed was,  
It loketh as yelow doth in a glasse ;  
With mylke white lace, and goodly ble,  
But full stoutly then loked he .

V. 674. *leaue for life—loving.*

He ware a cyrcote that was grene, 700  
 With blaunchmer it was furred, I wene;  
 He was well clade, and wel done,  
 His shone was croked as a knyghte,  
 He was large both of foote, and hand,  
 As any man was in that lande.  
 Syr Degore loked on him tho,  
 And to hym reuerence dyd do;  
 And he to him wolde speake no worde,  
 But made him redy to laye the borde;  
 He layde the cloth, and set forth bread, 710  
 And also wine, both whyte and reed;  
 Torches in the hall he dyd lyght,  
 All thyng red to souper he dyghte:  
 And sone after with greate honoure  
 There came a ladye out of her boure,  
 And with her came maydens fyftene,  
 Some in reed, and some in grene.  
 Syr Degore followed anone ryght,  
 And nought she spake vnto the knyghte,  
 But yede, and washed euerychone, 720  
 And to souper gan they gone.  
 The ladye was fayre, and bryght,  
 In the myddes of the desse she set downe ryght:

V. 701. *blaunchmer*.—According to Mr. Ellis it should be *blaunchneer*—*blanche et noir*, black and white: probably ermine.

V. 713. *red*—*ready*.

On euery syde sat maidens fyue,  
 Fayre, and goodly, as any was alyue.  
 Bygod! then sayde Syr Degore,  
 I haue you blessed, and you not me,  
 But you seme dombe; by Saint Johan,  
 I shall make you speke, and I can!  
 Syr Degore coude of curtesye, 730  
 He yede, and sate before the lady;  
 And when he had taken that seate,  
 He toke a knyfe, and cute his meate.  
 Full lytell meate at souper eate he,  
 He dyd so beholde that mayden fre;  
 Hym thought she was the fayrest lady  
 That euer before he dyd see :  
 All his heart, thought, and myght,  
 Was in that lady that was so bright.  
 And when they had supped all, 740  
 The dwarfe brought water into y<sup>e</sup> hall.  
 Then gan they washe euerychone,  
 And then to chamber gan they gone.  
 Trewly, quod Degore, and after I wyl,  
 To loke on that lady all my fyll :  
 Who that me warneth he shall aby,  
 Or to do him make a sory crye.  
 Vpon the stayre they them nome,  
 And sone into the chamber he come.  
 The lady that was so fayre, and bright, 750  
 Vpon her bed she sate downe ryght.

She harped notes swete, and fine,  
And Syr Degore sate him downe,  
For to heare the harpes sowne,  
That thorowe the notes of the harpe shyll,  
He layd hym downe, and slept his fyll.  
This fayre lady that ylke nyghte,  
She bad go couer that gentyll knyght.  
And the ladye went to another bed at the laste.  
So on the morowe, when it was daye, 760  
The lady rose, the sothe to say,  
And into the chambre the waye gan take;  
She sayde, Syr Knyght, aryse, and wake!  
The lady sayde, all in game,  
Ye be well worthy to haue blame,  
For as a beest all nyght thou dyd slepe,  
And of my maydens thou tokest no kepe:  
And then aunswered the knyght so fre,  
Mercy! madame, and forgyue it me;  
The notes of thine harpe it made, 770  
Or els the good wyne that I had;  
But tel me nowe my lady hende,  
Or I out of this chambre wende,  
Who hath this castel in his hande,  
And who is lorde of this lande?  
Whether that ye be mayden, or wyfe,  
And in what maner ye lede your lyfe,  
And why you haue so many women,  
Alone withoute any men?—

Syr, fayne I wolde the tell, 780  
 And thou coulde it amende well ;  
 My father was a bolde barowne,  
 And holden a lorde of towre, and towne,  
 He had neuer chylde but me,  
 I am heyre in this countre.

**Howe Syr Degore fought for a lady with a gyaunt,  
 and slewe hym.**

There hath me wowed many a knyght,  
 And many a squyre well dyght ;  
 But then there wonned here besyde,  
 A stout gyaunt, full of pryde ;  
 He hath me desyred long, and yore, 790  
 And hym to loue may I neuer more.  
 He is about with his mastrye,  
 To do me shame, and vilanye,  
 And he hath slayne my men, eche one,  
 Saue my sorie dwarfe alone.  
 Ryght as she stode she fell to the grounde,  
 And sowned there in that stounde.  
 All her damoselles to her come,  
 To comfort her, and her vp nome ;  
 The ladye loked on Syr Degore ; 800  
 Lyefe dame, then sayde he,



Be not adrade, while I am here,  
 I wyll the helpe, to my power.  
 Syr, she sayde, all my lande  
 I wyll cease it into thy hande,  
 And all my good I wyll the geue,  
 And all my bodye, whyle I lyue,  
 For to be at your wyll,  
 Earlye, and late, loude, and styll,  
 And thy leman for to bee, 810  
 To wreke me nowe, on myne enemye.  
 Than was Syr Degore fayne to fyght,  
 For to defend the ladyes ryght,  
 And to slaye that other knyght,  
 And wyne that ladye that was so bryght.  
 And as they stode both in feare, *iere?*  
 Her maydens came ridinge with heauye chere.  
 She bade drawe the brydge hastelye,  
 For here cometh youre enemye,  
 Or els he wyll sle vs eche one. 820  
 Syr Degore starte vp anone,  
 Out at a wyndowe she hym see,  
 He was sone armed on horse hye,  
 So stout a man as he was one,  
 In armes sawe she neuer none.  
 Syr Degore armed hym beliuue,  
 And out of the castel he gan dryue,

V. 826. *beliuue*—*blyue*, quickly.

And rode euen the gyaunt agane;  
 They smote togither with much maine,  
 That theyr good speares all to braste, 830  
 Degore was stronge, and sate faste,  
 But his stedes backe braste a two;  
 Then Syr Degore fell to the grounde tho.  
 And then he stert vp, and lough,  
 And his swerde he out drough;  
 Then sayd the gyaunt to hym anone,  
 On fote we wyll togyther gone:  
 Thou hast, sayd Degore, slayne my good stede,  
 I hope to quite the thy mede;  
 To slee thy stede nought I wyll, 840  
 But to fyght with the my fyll.  
 And tho they fought on fote, in fere,  
 With stronge strokes and helme clere.  
 The gyaunt gaue Syr Degore  
 Huge strokes, great plente;  
 And Syr Degore did him also,  
 Tyll helme and basynet braste in two;  
 The gyaunte was agreued sore,  
 Because he had his bloud forlore.  
 He stroke upon Syr Degore so, 850  
 Than to the grounde he made him go;  
 Syr Degore recouered sone anone,  
 And such a stroke he gaue that knyght,  
 And on the crowne so it sette,  
 That through his helme, and basynette,

He made his swerde go thorowe his heed,  
And anone the gyaunt fel downe deed.

The lady sat in her castel,  
And sawe al the batayle,

Howe the gyaunt was sleyne,  
That wolde her haue forlaine.

860

She was as glad of that syght  
As euer was byrde of the daylyghte.

Syr Degore came to the castel  
And against hym came that damesel.

She thanked hym of his good deede,  
And to her chamber she dyd hym leade :

She set hym on her bedde anone,  
And vnarmed hym full sone,

870

She toke hym in her arme two,  
And kyssed hym a hundred tymes and mo :

And sayde, all my good I wyll the geue,  
And my bodye while I lyue ;—

Grammercie ! damosell, then sayde he,  
Of that ye haue graunted me ;

But I must into farre contre,

My auentures for to see :

Vnto these twelue monethes be ago,

And then I shall come you to.

He betoke her to the heauen kynge ;

880

The lady wept at his departyng.

Syr Degore rode vpon his waye,  
Many a longe ioarney,

And euermore he rode weste,  
 Tyll a land he founde in a foreste.  
 To hym came prickyng a knyght  
 Well armed, and on his horse dyght,  
 In armes that wolde endure,  
 With fyne golde, and ryche asure.  
 Thre bores heades were therein, 890  
 The whiche were of golde fyne;  
 As sone as euer he sawe that knyght,  
 He spake to hym anone ryght,  
 And sayd, vylaine, what doest thou here,  
 In my forest to slee my dere?  
 Syr Degore sayd, with wordes meke,  
 Syr, of thy dere I take no kepe;  
 For I am an auenturous knight,  
 That goeth to seke warre, and fight.  
 His father answered, and sayd, sans fayle, 900  
 And thou become to seke batayle,  
 Then make the redy in a stounde,  
 For thou hast thy felowe founde:  
 And then Syr Degore with out daunger,  
 Armed hym to fyght with his father.

~~Howe~~ Syr Degore fought with his father, and howe  
his father knew him by the broken sterde.

His helme was good for the nones,  
And well set with precious stones;  
It myght wel be his owne sans fayle,  
For he wanne it onse in batayle.  
He cast his shielde about his swere, 910  
Of ryall armes good, and dere.  
His good stede he began to stride,  
He toke his speare, and began to ryde,  
And his man toke another speare,  
And by his syde he gan it bere.  
But loke what foly began that tyde,  
The sonne against the father gan ryde :  
But neyther knewe other aryght,  
And thus begane they to fyght.  
Syr Degore had the greater shafte, 920  
And wonder well he could his craft;  
To dashe hym downe then had he went,  
And in his shyeld set suche a dent,  
That his good speare all to braste ;  
But his father was strong, and sat faste.  
Another course then haue they take,  
The father for the sonnes sake.  
So harde they smote together in sothe,  
That theyr horses backes brake both,

And then they fought on fote in fere, 930

With hard stroke and helme clere.

And thus his father amaruayled was,

Of his swerde that was poyntles,

And to hym sayd anone ryght,

A byde a whyle, thou gentyll knyght,

Where was thou borne, and in what land?—

Syr, he sayd, in England :

A kynges doughter is my mother,

But I wot not who is my father.

What is thy name then ? sayd he.— 940

Syr, my name is Degore.

Syr Degore, thou art welcome,

For wel I wote thou arte my sonne.

By this swerde I knowe the here,

The poynt is in my pautenere.

He toke the poynt, and sette it to,

And they accorded bothe two.

So longe the haue spoke togither,

Both the sonne, and the father,

That they be ryght well at one 950

The father, and the sonne alone.

Syr Degore, and his father dere,

Into Englande they rode in fere ;

They were both armed, and wel dighte,

As it behoueth euerye knyght.

They rode forth on theyr iourney,

Many a myle of that contrey,

And on theyr way they rode full fast,  
 Into England they came at the laste;  
 When they myght England se, 960  
 They drewe thyther as they wold be;  
 When they were to the palayes come,  
 They were welcome, all and some,  
 And they behelde ouer all,  
 The ladye them spyed ouer a wall.  
 And when the ladye sawe that syght,  
 She went to them with all her myght,  
 And ryght well she them knewe,  
 And then she chaunged all her hewe,  
 And sayd, my dere sonne Degore, 970  
 Thou hast thy father brought with thee.  
 Trewly, madame, then sayd he,  
 Full well I wote it is he.

Nowe thanked be God then, sayde the kynge,  
 For nowe I knowe, without leasyng,  
 Who is Degores father in dede.  
 The lady sowned in that stede,  
 And soone after sykerlye  
 The knyght wedded that lady.  
 She and her sonne was departed atwin, 980  
 For he and she were to nye kynne.  
 Forthe then went Syr Degore,  
 With the kynge, and his menyne,  
 His father and his mother dere,  
 Vnto the castell they went in feare,

*V. 985. in feare, for fere—together.*

Where as dwelled that lady bright,  
That he had wonne in right,  
And wedded her with great solēpnite,  
Before all the lordes of that countre.  
Thus came the knyght out of his care: 990  
God geue us grace wel to fare,  
And that we vpon domes daye,  
Come to the blysse that lasteth aye !

THUS ENDETH THE TRETYSE OF SYR DEGORE.





Romances. (F.)  
p. Gough, Sir.

**Syr Gough.**

*This spirited little romance ballad has never until now been printed. Two MSS. are known of it: one in the British Museum, amongst the King's MSS. 17. B. XLIII. apparently written early in the 15th century, and noticed in Casley's catalogue as "A song of the Duke and Duchess of Austria, and Sir Gowther their son, begotten of the Devil," from which a transcript was made for this impression; and a second in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, (MS. Fac. V. VII. 27.) It professes to have been taken from the Breton lays, a description of poetry, on which some light has been thrown by later antiquaries, but the origin and nature of which appears still enveloped in much obscurity. Whatever may have been the source of this ballad, its original stock has not been discovered, and indeed, as Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, that perhaps the only collection of the Breton lays now extant, is that by Marie the poetess, it seems clear that the lay from which this poem is translated no longer exists, any more than those to which Chaucer alludes as being popular in his time, and which he had laid under contribution for his 'Frankleyns tale.'*

*It is true that Chaucer speaks only of his lay as being "in remembrance," but there can be little doubt that there was a collection of Breton lays, distinct from those by Marie, actually existing in MS. subsequent to the period when the father of English poetry flourished, since we see that the*

*translation of this ballad particularizes its original as being*

*" —————wreten in parchemen*

*" In the first lay of Britanye."—l. 674. et seq.*

*That the original poem was produced in this country may be fairly conjectured, as well from the allegation of its being a Breton lay, as from the internal evidence it affords by its allusion to St. Gotlake (l. 670.) This is undoubtedly St. Guthlac, in honour of whom Croyland Abbey was founded, A. D. 716, by Ethelbald King of the Mercians, out of gratitude to his deceased confessor. The odour of Guthlac's sanctity does not appear to have extended beyond the bounds of this island, as his name does not occur in that celebrated magazine of monkish credulity, the Golden Legend, which was originally written in Latin, as is well known, by Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, towards the middle of the 13th century, and which therefore may be supposed to have contained particulars of those saintly personages alone, whose fame, instead of being local, was generally bruited. Although I am not aware of their precise nature, many miracles were performed by St. Guthlac, since the venerable Ingulphus himself had made (as he assures us) a collection of them from the conventual records. Still however we might be at a loss to conjecture why the names of the Duke and Duchess of Ostrych were introduced, unless we suppose that those lays were subsequently translated into one of the northern languages, as Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures might have*

been the case with Marie's lays, under the title of *Variae Britannarum Fabulæ*, and consequently adapted by the alteration of names, to the people whose language was used. This however must lead to a further supposition that the English translation was made from the northern transcript, a circumstance certainly very improbable.

This story strongly resembles the old romance of Robert the Devil, of which a metrical English version, copied from a MS. temp. Elizabeth, was published a few years since. The ballad before us however is not only much more valuable from its greater antiquity, but the compression of the story renders it less wearisome, and it is also more curious from the introduction of the incident producing the hero's birth, which is altogether varied in the former poem. The belief in the sexual connexion between *dæmons* and mortals, was in the middle ages very general, and independent of the instance of Merlin, (which is so generally known, and in the ballad particularly alluded to) was supposed to have been the origin of even some of the saints of the Romish Calendar.

It is highly probable however that this poem, as well as the romance of Robert the Devil, had one common stock. There is also a romance in the *Alt-plat-deusscher* tongue, in which the conduct of a fiend child strongly resembles that of Syr Gowghter during his infancy.

I should conceive the name of the hero to be a blundering translation, or alteration of 'Gautier.'

## Syr Gowghter.



God that art of myghtis most,  
Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,  
That bought man on rode so dere!  
Shelde vs from the fowle fende,  
That is a bout mannys sowle to shende  
All tymes of the yere.  
Sum tyme the fende hadde postee  
For to dele with ladies free  
In likenesse of here fere;  
So that he be gat Merlyng and mo,  
And wrought ladies so mikil wo,  
That ferly it is to here.

10

M

A selcowgh thyng that is to here,  
 A fend to nyegh a woman so nere,  
 To make here with childe;  
 And mannes kynde of here to tan,  
 For of him self hath he non,  
 Be marie maide mylde,  
 As clerkis sayn, and weten wel howe :  
 Y may not all reherce nowe,  
 But Crist from shame us shyld :  
 I shal tel yow how a child was gete,  
 And in what sorow his moder he sett,  
 With his workis so wild.

20

Of that baron yborn emblithe,  
 Crist yeue him ioi that wulle lythe,  
 Of aūntres that be felle :  
 Yn the layes of Britanye that was I sowght,  
 And owt of oon was y brought,  
 That louely is to telle.  
 There was a duk in Ostrych  
 Weddyd a lady nobil and riche,  
 She was fayre of flessh and felle;  
 To the lyly was likened that lady clere,  
 Here body was rede as blossomes on breere,  
 That courteis damysell.

30

V. 27. *aūntres*—contraction for *adventures*.

Whan she was weddid that ladi shene,  
Duches she was w<sup>th</sup>outen wene,

A grete fest gan thei make ;  
Knyghtes and squyres on the furst day, 40  
On steedes hem gentely to play,

Here shaftes gan thei shake :  
On the morow the lordes gente  
Made a riall tournament

For the lady is sake ;  
The duk wan steedes ten,  
And bare downe many dowghti men,  
Here shildes gan he crake.

Whan the feste gan to seese  
The worthi duk and ducheese 50

They leuid to geder with wenne ;  
Full vii. yere togeder thei were,  
He gat no childe, ne none she bere,

Here ioy gan wex full thenne.  
As it bifill vpon a day,

To the lady he gan say,

Now mote we part a twene,  
But ye myght a childe bere,  
That myght my londes weld and were ;  
She wept and myght not blynne. 60



Than morned the lady clere,  
That al falwyd hire faire chere,

For she conceyuid nowght.  
She praid to Crist and Marie mylde,  
Shulde hire grace to haue a childe,

In what man<sup>r</sup> she ne rought.  
As she walkyd yn here orcheyerde vppon a day  
She mett a man in a riche aray,

Of loue he here bisowght :  
He come in liknesse of here lorde free ; 70  
Vnder nethe a chestayn tree  
His will with here he wrought.

Whan he had his will y doon,  
A fowle fend he stode vppe soon ;  
He lokid and hire byhilde,  
And said, dame, I haue gete on the  
A childe, that yn his yongthe wild shal be  
His wepen for to welde.

She blissid here, and from him ran  
Intil here chamber anon she cam, 80  
That was so stronge of belde ;  
She said to here lorde so mylde,  
To nyght y hope to conceyue a childe,  
That shall yowre londes welde.

V. 81. *stronge of belde*—*strongly built*.

An angel, that was so faire and bright,  
Told me so this yonder nyght,

I trust to Cristis sonde,  
That he woll stynt vs of owre strife.  
In his armys he toke his wife,

That frely was to fonde. 90

What it was euen to bed thei chase,  
The riche duk and the duches,

For no man wold thei wonde;  
He pleid him with that lady hende,  
She was bounde w<sup>th</sup> a fende  
Til Crist wold lose hire bonde.

The childe with yn hire was non other  
But Marlyngs half brother,

On fende gat hem bothe;  
He seruid neuer for other thyng, 100  
But temptid men and women yyng

To dele w<sup>th</sup> hem for sothe.  
Thus the lady gretid fast,  
Til she was delived atte last  
Of on that wolde do scathe;  
To the church thei gan him bere,  
And cristen his name Goughthere,  
That afterwarde wax breme and brathe.

The lord comforted the lady gent,  
And after norsis anone he sente, 110

Of the best in that contree;

Sume were nobell knyghtes wyfes;

He sak so sore thei lost here lyfes,

Full sone he hadde slayn three.

The childe throve and swythe wax,

The duk sent after other sex,

As wetnesse the storie :

Or that the xii. monthis weren comyn and gon

Nyen norsys he had y sloon,

Ladies faire and free. 120

Knyghtis of that contre gadered hem in fame,

And said, forsothe this is no game,

To sleyn here ladies soo;

Thay bad him ordeyne for his sone,

For he myght not haue his wone,

Nor non norses moo.

Than bifill his moder a ferly happe;

On a day she bad him here pappe,

And he arizhte here soo,

He tare the oon side of here brest, 130

The lady cried after a prest,

Into a chamber she fled him froo.

V. 113. *sak*—the perfect tense of *suck*.

Than a leche helid vppe the lady sore,  
 She durst not yeue him sowke no more,  
 That yong childe Gowghtere;  
 But fedde him vppe with other foode,  
 As moch as him behoved,  
 That dare y sauely swere,

That in oon yere more he wex  
 Than other childern did in sex, 140  
 Him semed wel to ride;  
 He wax wikkid in all withe,  
 His fader him myght not chastithe,  
 But made him knyght that tyde:  
 He gaf him his best swerde in honde,  
 There was no knyght in all that londe  
 A dent durst him a byde;  
 But after whan his fader was dede,  
 Carfull was his moder rede,  
 Here sorow myght no man hide. 150

Dowrey for him must she haue none,  
 But in castell of lyme and stone  
 Fast from him sho fledde:  
 She made hire strong and hild her there,  
 Here men myght syng of sorow and care,  
 So strait thai were be stedde,

For where he mett hem bi the way,

Alas, the while, thei myght say,

That euer his moder him fedde !

For with his fauchon he wold hem sloo,

160

Or strike here hors bake a twoo,

Swich parell thei dredde.

Thus was the duk of grete renown,

Men of religion he throug hem down

Where he myght hem mete;

Masse nor mateyns wold he none here,

Ne no prechyng of no frere,

Thus dare I yow be hete.

And tho that wold not werk his will,

Erly and late, lowde and still,

170

Ful sore he wold hem bete :

Huntyng he loued al there best,

In parkes, and in wild forest,

Where he myght it gete.

As he rode on huntyng vppon a day,

He saw a nonnery bi the high way,

And theder gan he ride;

The proresse, and here couent

W<sup>th</sup> procession agayn him went,

Trewly in that tyde;

180

V. 178. *proresse*—sic for *prioresse*.

Thei kneled down vppon here knee,  
 And said, liege lord welcome be yee,  
 Yn hert is nowght to hide.—  
 He drofe hem home into here chirche,  
 And brend hem vppe : thus gan he werch,  
 His lose spornng ful wide.

Al tho that wold on God belefe,  
 He was abowte hem to greue,  
 In all that he myght doo :  
 Maidenenes mariagies wold he spill, 190  
 And take wyfes agayn here will,  
 And sle here husbondes too.

He made prestes and clerkes, to lepe on craggess,  
 Monkes and freres to hong on knaggess,  
 Thus wonderly wold he doo :

He brent vp heremites on a fire,  
 And paid widows the same hire,

He wrought hem mochill woo. *Or as in the*  
 A good old erll of that contree,  
 To the duk than rode hee, 200

And said, Sir, whi doest thow soo ?  
 Thow comest neuer of Crists strene,  
 Thou art sum fendes sone y wene,  
 Bi thi werkis it semeth so.

Thou doest no good, but euer ill,  
Thou art bi sibbe the deucl of hell.—

Than was Sir Gowghter thro,  
And said, if thou lye on me,  
Hanged, and to draw shalt thou be,  
Or than thou fro me go.

210

He kept this erll fast in holde,  
And to his moder is castel he wold,  
As fast as he may ryde;  
He said to his moder free,  
Who was my fader? tell thou me,  
Or my swerd shal thorow the glide.  
He set the poynt to here brest,  
And said, dame, thou getest non other prest,  
The sothe if thou hide.—

She said, sone, the duke that deyde laste,  
That is owt of this world paste,  
He weddid me with pride.

220

The sothe trewly shal I say;  
As y went in owre orcheyerd vppon a day,  
A fend bygatte the thore;  
He come in liknesse of my lord, so free,  
Vndernethe a chestan tree;—  
Tho sythed Sir Gowghter ful sore,

And said, shryue the moder, and do thy best,  
For y will to Rome er than y reste, 230

To leue vp another lere.

Swych a thought fell vppon him dowtely,  
That ofte he gan to crye mercy !

To Jesu that Marie bare.

*to lere out*

Than Sir Gowghter rode him home agayn,  
And to the olde erll he gan sayn,

A trew tale told thow me :

Now wol I to Rome to that appostell,  
To be shreven, and after asoyled ;

Good sir, kepe my castel free. 240

Thus he left the old erll than,  
To kepe his londes, lesse, and mayr ;

Sir Goughter forthe gan glide :

Uppon his fote fast he ranne,  
He toke with him nor horse, nor man,

Him was leuer to ryn than ryde.

His fauchon he toke with him thoo,

He left that neuer for wel, ne woo,

But hynges that bi his side,

And to the cowrt gan he sech ; 250

Or he myght come to the pope's spech,

Ful long he gan abyde.



172

SYR GOWGHTER.

*on a new haue he the pope gave a new - A. 1415 of 1415.*  
He kneled down vppon his kne,

And said to him ful sone;  
He asked him with high sown,  
Cryst, and absolucion!

The pope him graunted his bone.  
Whens art thou, and of what contre?  
Duk of Ostrich, sir, said hee,

By trewe God on trone! 260  
That was gotten w<sup>th</sup> a fende,  
And born of a lady hende,  
Y trowe my good dayes ben done.\*

Art thou cristyn? said hee,

Trewly sir, he saide, yee;

My name is Gowghter.

Than said the pope, thou art comyn heder,  
Or ells y most haue gon theder,

And that ful lothe me were:  
For thou hast holy chirch destroyed. 270  
Holy fader, he said, be noght anoyed,

I shall the verely swere,  
That what paines ye me yeue,

I shall do that, if y may leue,  
And neuer cristen man dere.

V. 253. Qu. A line wanting here to complete the stanza?

Lay down thy fauchon than the fro,  
 Thou shalt be shreuen er thou go,  
 And assoyled er I blynne.  
 Nay, holy fader, said Gowghter,  
 This fauchon most y with me bere, 280  
 My frendes happely ben ful thynne.  
 Thou shalt walk north, and sowthe,  
 And gete thi mete owt of houndis mouth,  
 This pennance shalt thou gynne.  
 And speke no word, euen ne odde,  
 Til thou haue very wetyng of Godde,  
 Forgevyn be all thy synne.

He kneled byfore the worthy appostell,  
 That solemly gan him assoyle,  
 With worde as y yow saye. 290  
 Of all that day mete gat he none,  
 Saufe owt of a houndes mouth a bone,  
 And forth he went his way;  
 He traуayled owt of that cetee,  
 Into a nother fer contree,  
 For sothe as I yow say.  
 He set him down vppon an hill,  
 A greyhounde brought brede him till  
 At hegh none of the day.

Thre dayes there he lay,  
 And a greyhound every day,  
 A barly lofe him bowght.  
 The fowrethe day him come none,  
 And thanked God in thowght.  
 Bysyde him stode a faire castell,  
 The emporour of Almayn there yn gan dwell, 300  
 And theder him gothe ful softe;  
 He set him down w<sup>th</sup>owt the gate,  
 He durst not goon yn there ate,  
 Though him were woo yn thowght.

That waytes blew vppon the wall,  
 Knyghtes gadered hem in to the hall,  
 They wysshe, and went to mete.  
 Vp he rose, and yn is goon,  
 Ussher at the hall dore fond he non,  
 Ne porter at the gate; 310  
 He presed blythely thorow the prece,  
 Even til the hegh bord he chese,  
 There vnder he made his sete:  
 There come the steward w<sup>th</sup> a rod in his honde,  
 To do him thens thus he wold fonde,  
 And thret him to bete.

V. 307. *wysshe*—perfect tense of *wash*.

What is that? said the emperour;  
The stewarde said, w<sup>th</sup> grete honowre,  
My lord it is a man;  
The fayrest, and the most, that euer y seye, 320  
Come se yowreselfe that is no lye;—  
The emperour till him cam.  
But worde of him cowde they non gete,  
Lete him sit, said the emperour, and gete him mete,  
Ful litell good he can;  
Or that may happe thorow sum chaunce  
That it is geue him in sum penaunce,  
Thus said the emperore thanne.

Whan the emp<sup>r</sup>. was all servyd,  
A knyght had his mete y kervyd, 330  
He sent the domme man part;  
He let hit stonde, and wolde non,  
But a spaynel come rynne w<sup>th</sup> a bone,  
And in his mouth he that lart.

The domme man to him he raught,  
And that bone to him he cawght,  
There on fast he tare;  
For other sustinaunce he had nowght,  
But such as he fro houndes cawght,  
The more was his care. 340

The empo<sup>r</sup>, and the emprise,  
 Lords and ladies, on the deyse,  
     They satt and him byhilde ;  
 They bed yeue the houndes mete y nowgh,  
 The domme manne with hem gnrowth,  
     There was his best belde.  
 Thus among houndes he was fedde,  
 At euen to his chamber he was ledde,  
     And y helyd vnder a teld :  
 And euery day he came to hall, 350  
 And Hobbe the foole thei gan hym calle,  
     To Criste he gan him yelde.

Than hadde the same emporour,  
 A dowghter as white as lylie flowre,  
     Was too so domme as he.  
 She wolde haue spoke, but she ne myght,  
 Therefore ful ofte she sighed,  
     The ladi bright of blee.  
 To him she was a ful good frend,  
 And mete to houndes, for his loue wold send, 360  
     Ful ofte, and grete plente.  
 Ether of hem loued other bright,  
 But to other no word thei speke ne myght,  
     That was the more pete.

V. 345. *gnrowth*—perfect tense of *gnaw*.

Than in on morow come a massynger,  
To the empo<sup>r</sup>. with sterne chere,

And said to him ful right :

Syr, my lorde wel greteth the,  
That is Sowdan of Perce,

Man most of myght;

370

And byddeth that thow shuldest him send  
Thyn owne dowzter, that is so hend,

That he myght hire wedde.

The empo<sup>r</sup>. said, y haue none but oon,  
And she is domme as eny stone,

The fairest that euer was fedde.

And y will neuer while y am sownde,  
Yeue hire to none hethyn hounde,

Than were my bales bredd ;

Yet may she sum good halowe seche,  
Thorow grace of God, to haue speche.

380

Agayn the massenger spedde.

And when he tolde his lorde soo,  
In that contree was moch woo,

The sowdan cam ful nere.

The empo<sup>r</sup>. was dowghti man vnder shyld,  
And met the sowdan in the filde,

For both had batayle there.

N

Sir Gowghter went to chamber smert,  
 And bysowght God in his hert, 390  
     As he had bowght him dere,  
 To send him bothe armor, and shilde,  
 And hors to ride in the fild,  
     To help his lord yere.

He ne had so sone that I thought,  
 A colblack stede was him ybrought;  
     Stode redy withowt the dore :  
 And armor of the same color,  
 Vp he stert w<sup>h</sup> grete honor,  
     He was both styf and store. 400  
 Shyld on shulder gan he hong,  
 And cawght a swerd that was larg and long,  
     He spared nether lesse, ne more ;  
 Owt at the castel yates he went ;  
 Al this saw the domme lady gent,  
     As she stode in hire towre.

The sowdan that was so sterne and stowte,  
 Ful fast in the filde he prikyd a bowte,  
     To sembill his men he cast :  
 By that tyme Sir Gowzter was come there, 410  
 And many stowte shildes down he bare,  
     And laid on wonder fast :

V. 409. *cast*—employed himself, or endeavoured.

Grete stedes he made to staker,  
 And knyghts armour all to flatour,  
     Whan blode thorow brenyys brast;  
 Many helmys there he hitt,  
 Vpight myght thei not sitt,  
     But to the ground he hem cast.

He put the sowdan to flyght,  
 Sir Gowghter so moch of myght, 420  
     He slow Saresines by dene :  
 He rode hime byfore the empo<sup>r</sup>.;—  
 Al this saw the lady in her towre,  
     That was bothe bright and shene.

He went to his chamber, and vnarmyd him sone,  
 His horse and harneys away was done,  
     He wyst where it bycam; *never seen again*  
 When the empo<sup>r</sup>. wessh, and went to mete,  
 Vnder the hegh bord he made his sete,  
     Two small raches to him come. 430

The lady toke twey greyhoundes fyn,  
 And wyssh here mouthes clene w<sup>th</sup> wyne,  
     And put a lofe in that one :  
 He rawght it fro him w<sup>th</sup> eger mode,  
     Ful wel was him by gone.

V. 427. the word *not* appears to be omitted.



Whan he had made him wel at ese,  
 He went to chamber, and toke his ese,  
 Withyn that worthy wone.  
 On the morow agayn come the massynger,  
 Fro the sowdan with sterne chere,  
 To the empo<sup>r</sup>. is he gone,

440

And said : sir, here is my letter,  
 My lord is come to assay the better,  
 Yesterday ye slow his men ;  
 He hath asembled in the felde,  
 Of dowghti Sarezyns, vnder shilde,  
 Syxti thowsand and ten.  
 On the he will auenied be.  
 Hors and armour than, said he,  
 Hastly had we thenne.  
 God sent Sir Gowghter thorow his myght  
 A blode rede stede, and armour bryght,  
 He folowed thorow frith, and fenne.

450

Bothe parties haue wel araied,  
 Sir Gowghter as the story said,  
 Come ridyng hem betwene ;  
 Grete steedis he made to stomble,  
 Knyghtes ouer hors backys to tomble,  
 That hardy were and kene.

He hew asonder bothe helme, and shyldē, 460

Feld down here baners in the felde,

That were bothe bright and shene ;

He bet adown the Saresyns blak,

And made here backes for to crake,

He rede that he was fene.

Now dere God, said the empo<sup>r</sup>.,

When com the knyght that is so styfe and stowre,

And al araide in rede,

Both hors, armour, and his steede ?

A thowsand Sarezyns he hath made blede, 470

And beteen hem to dethe,

That heder is come to help me,

And yesterday in blak was he,

That stered hem in that stede,

And so he will er he goo hens,

His dentis be heuy as lede.

He behild his fawchon fel,

And saw he be set his stroke well,

And that he wastid none :

The empo<sup>r</sup>. priked into his pres, 480

A nobell knyght withowten les,

He made the sowdan to gon.

*V. 465. They believed that he was a fiend.*

Sir Gowghter went to his chamber sone,  
His hors, and his armour, away was done,  
He wyst neuer whare.

The emperour wyssh, and went to mete,  
And w<sup>th</sup> him other lordes grete,

That at the bataile were.

Vndur the high bord Sir Gowghter him sett,  
The lady hagt here greyhoundes yfette, 490  
Prevely as no thyng were;

H<sup>o</sup>g? She fed how the ful sothe to say,  
Right as she dyd the first day,  
For no man wold she spare.

Lordes reuelid in the hall,  
There daunsid many a lady small,

With here mynstralsi;  
Sir Gowghter went to his bed, and lay,  
Him lystyd nothyng for to play,

For he was full weri, 500  
For gret strokes that he had cawght,  
When he atte bataill fawght,

Among the carful crye.  
His thought was moch vppon his synne,  
How he myght his sowle wyne,  
To blysse aboue the skye.

V. 490. yfette—fetched.

Than grette lordes to bedde were boun,  
Knyghtes, and squyers, of grete renown,  
In story as it is tolde.

Amorow agayn came the massynger, 510  
Fro the sowdan with sterne chere,

And said: sir empo<sup>r</sup>. thi ioy is colde:  
My lord hath sembled a new powere,  
And byddeth the send thi dowghter dere,

Or ere hir loue shall be solde,  
Or he wull hurt the body, and bon,  
An alyue leue not on  
Of thy burgeys bold.

I come to him, said the empo<sup>r</sup>. ;  
Y shall do semble a wel strong power, 520

And mete him, yf y may.  
Dowghti knyghts larg and long,  
Wel y armyd euer among,

By high prime of the day.  
On hors redy, w<sup>th</sup> shelde, and spere,  
The nobill knyght Sir Gowghter,

To Jesu Crist gan he pray,  
Shild send him armour tite,  
So had he, and a steede mylk white,  
And rode after in good aray. 530

Hys twey comynge the domme lady had seen,  
And his thyrdde wendying, w<sup>th</sup>owten wene,

She prayed for him full radde;  
 Rode he not w<sup>th</sup> brag, nor bost,  
 He folowes euer the tradde.  
 The empo<sup>r</sup>. had the forward,  
 And Gowghter rode byfore his bard, *band?*  
 Of knyghtes he was odde:  
 Grete lordes of hethenesse to deth he throng,  
 And hire bandes to the erth he slong, 540  
 His strokes fil full sadde.

The sowdan bare in sabill blak  
 Thre lyons withouten lak, *in a point?*  
 All of sylver shene;  
 On was crowned w<sup>th</sup> gowles reede,  
 Another with gold in that stede,  
 • The thred w<sup>th</sup> dyuers of grene.  
 His helme was ful richely fret,  
 Al w<sup>th</sup> riche charbocles bysett,  
 And dyamounde bytwene; 550  
 His batell was ful well araid,  
 And his baner ful brode displayed,  
 Sone after turned to him tene.

For the nobill knyght Gowghtere,  
 He bare him so goodely in his gere,  
 Men nedeth no better to seche,

V. 537. *bard—band?*

Al that he with his fawchon hit,  
They fil to the ground, and rose not yet,  
To seke after no leche.

Yet durst he neuer in anger, ne tene, 560  
Speke no worde withouten wene,  
For drede of Goddes wreche ;  
And thow him houngerd, he durst not ete,  
But such as from houndes he myght gete,  
He did as the pope gan teche.

Thus did Sir Gowghter the gentil knyght ;  
But the empo'. that was so sterne in fight,  
Ful smartly he was tanne :  
And away w<sup>th</sup> the sowdan he was ledde,  
Sir Gowghter rode after, and made him leue his wedd,  
And smote of his hede thanne. 571

Thus restued he his lorde, and browght him agayne,  
And thankid God with hert fayne,  
That formed both blode and bon.  
Right w<sup>th</sup> that come a Sarezyn w<sup>th</sup> a spere,  
Thorow shilde, and shulder, smote Gowghter,  
Tho made the domme lady mone.

For sorow she saw that stowre,  
She sowne, and fill owt of hir towre,  
And brak full negh her necke. 580

V. 562. wreche—wrath. V. 572. restued—rescued.

Two squyres in him bare,  
 And iii. daies she moued not yare,  
 As thowh she had be dede.

The empo<sup>r</sup>. wyssh, and went to mete,  
 And w<sup>th</sup> him other lordes grete,  
 That at the bataill hadde ben.  
 Sir Gowghter was wounded sare,  
 Into the hall he gan fare,  
 He myssyd the lady shene.

Among the houndes his mete he wan, 590  
 The empo<sup>r</sup>. was a carful man,  
 For his dowghter gent:  
 Massyngers were sent to Rome  
 After the pope, and he come sone  
 To here terement.  
 Whan carlynales herd this tidynges,  
 Thei come to hir beryngs ;  
 Such grace God hath here sent,  
 That she stered hir selfe, and ras,  
 And spake wordes that witti was, 600  
 To Sir Gowghter w<sup>th</sup> good entent,

And said ; my Lorde of hevyn greteth the well,  
 Foryeue ben thi synnes, euery dell,  
 And graunteth the his blysse ;

V. 599. *ras—rose.*

He byddeth the speke boldely,  
To ete, and drynk, and make the mery,  
    Thowe shalt ben on of his.  
Fader! she said to the empo<sup>r</sup>,  
This is the knyght that hath fowghten in stowre,  
    For yow in thre batellis ywys. 610  
The pope that shroffe Gowghter at Rome,  
By knew him whan he theder come,  
    And lowly gan him kys.

Now art thou bycome Goddes childe,  
The dare not drede of thi werkys wyld,  
    For sothe I tell it the.  
Thorow grace of God, and the popis atent,  
He was made wedde the lady gent,  
    That curtays was, and fre.  
She was lady good, and faire, 620  
Of all hir faders londes eyre,  
    A better may none be.  
The pope wold no lenger lend,  
But yafe him all his blessyng hend;  
    To Rome than went he.

Whan the fest was browght to ende,  
Sir Gowghter gan to Ostryche wend,  
    And gaffe the old erl all,



And made him wedde his moder fayre;  
 Of all his fader is londes he made him eyre, 630  
 That was bothe gentill and small.  
 Sygthe he bildyd an abbay,  
 And yaf ther to rent for ay,  
 And said : be beried here y shall.  
 And thereyn put monkes blake,  
 To rede, and syng, for Goddes sake,  
 And closid it w<sup>h</sup>yn a wall.

For thowh the pope had him y shreue,  
 And his synnes were fore yeue,  
 Yet was his hert full sore, 640  
 That he shuld so wyckedly wrech,  
 To brenne the nonnes in here cherch,  
 Another abbay made he thore.  
 There he did make another abbay,  
 And put thereyn monkes gray,  
 That mykill cowde of lore :  
 To syng, and rede, to the worlde ys ende,  
 For the nonnes that he brend,  
 All that cristen were.

Thus went Sir Gowghter home agayn, 650  
 By that tyme he come to Almayn,  
 His wyf is fader was dede ;

Tho was he lord, and empo<sup>r</sup>. ;  
Of all christendome he bare the flowre,  
    Aboue the Sarezyns hede.  
What man bad him for Godde sake do,  
Trewly he was redy therto,  
    And stode poure men in stede ;  
And maynteyned pouer men in here right,  
And halp holy chirche with his myght,      660  
    Thus cawght he better rede,

And livid in good lyfe many a zere,  
Empo<sup>r</sup>. of grete powere,  
    And wisely gan he wake.  
Whan he dayed, for soth to say,  
He was beryed in that abbay,  
    That he first gan make ;  
There he lyeth in a shryne of gold,  
And doth maracles as it is tolde,  
    And hatt Seynt Gotlake      670  
He make blynd men for to se,  
Wode men to haue here wit, parde,  
    Crokyd here cruches for sake.

This tale is wreten in parchemen,  
In a stori good and fyn,  
    In the first lay of Britanye.

*V. 666. dayed—died.*

Now God, that is of mythes most,  
Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,

Of owre sowles be fayne !

All that hath herde this talkyng,  
Lytyll, moche, old and yying,

680

Y blyssyd mote they be :

God yeue hem grace whan they shal ende

To heuyn blys here sowles wend,

With angelys bryght of ble.

Amen pur charite.

*V. 677. mythes—might.*

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